

Fiction Supplement.

MR. MURRAY'S LIST.

The Latest 6s. Novels.

THE HEART'S HIGHWAY.

[Just published.]

By MARY E. WILKINS.

".....Miss Wilkins is to be congratulated on a striking success."

Athenaeum.

THE WORLDLINGS.

By LEONARD MERRICK.

[Just published.]

"...Mr. Merrick's rare gifts of social realism and moral insight convey conventionalities into fascinations, and extract from vulgar villainy materials for the development of a strong character, and a subtle conscience. The truthfulness and fineness of his talent have never been more powerfully displayed."

Saturday Review.

JOHN CHARITY.

[Just published.]

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

"It is a most picturesque story."

Athenaeum.

PARSON PETER.

By ARTHUR H. NORWAY.

[Just published.]

A GENTLEMAN.

[Just published.]

By the Hon. Mrs. WALTER FORBES.

A VIZIER'S DAUGHTER.

By LILLIAS HAMILTON, M.D.

[Ready immediately.]

A PRINCESS OF ARCADY.

[Ready immediately.]

By ARTHUR HENRY.

ON the WING of OCCASIONS.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS ("Uncle Remus").

[Ready immediately.]

The New Half-Crown Short Novels.

THE COMPLEAT BACHELOR.

By OLIVER ONIONS.

"The Compleat Bachelor" my Barolite finds just delicious."

Baron de B.-W. in *Punch*.

"One of the brightest, cheeriest, and jolliest books written for a long time past.... This is a book which you should beg, borrow, or—get out of the circulating library. Don't miss it."—*Illustrated Mail*.

A GIFT FROM THE GRAVE.

By EDITH WHARTON.

".....A writer of exceptional delicacy and power..... Mrs. Wharton is very much more than a cunning fashioner of verbal mosaic. She has, added to the modern passion for perfection of form, the older qualities that touch the heart."—*The Times*.

MONICA GREY.

By the Honourable Lady HELY HUTCHINSON.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

Small crown 8vo, 5s. net.

It is obviously necessary that these letters should be anonymous, but the publisher, without holding himself in any way responsible for their authorship, confidently hopes that their special characteristics will be considered fully to justify their publication.

[Ready next week.]

THE LIFE OF PARIS.

By RICHARD WHITEING.

Author of "No. 5, John Street," &c. Large crown 8vo, 6s.

CONTENTS: I. The Government March ne—II. Parisian Pastimes—III. Artistic Paris—IV. Life on the Boulevard—V. Fashionable Paris. [Ready immediately.]

CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA.

By LOUIS FRECHETTE. With Illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn. Large

crown 8vo, 6s.

This volume, by an author whose name is familiar to everyone acquainted with the best Canadian literature of to-day, affords a charming insight into some of the old Christmas customs and traditions of the Dominion.

[Just published.]

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S LIST.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

By His Son, LEONARD HUXLEY.

With Portraits and Illustrations. In 2 vols, 8vo, 30s. net.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

By JOHN MORLEY.

With Portrait, 8vo, 10s. net. Illustrated Edition, extra crown 8vo, 14s. net.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE'S NEW BOOK.

Studies Scientific and Social.

By ALFRED R. WALLACE, LL D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

In 2 vols., Illustrated, extra crown 8vo, 18s.

THE LATEST 6s. NOVELS.

MAURICE HEWLETT

RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY.

MARION CRAWFORD

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.

EGERTON CASTLE.

MARSHFIELD THE OBSERVER.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

ROSA N. CAREY.

RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

MODERN BROODS.

WEIR MITCHELL.

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE LEATHERSTOCKING NOVELS OF J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; cloth extra, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. each.

THE LAST of the MOHICANS. With a General Introduction by MOWBRAY MORRIS, and 25 Illustrations by H. M. Brock.

THE DEERSAYER. With 40 Illustrations by H. M. Brock.

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S NOVELS

The

New and Cheaper Editions, each Story in 1 vol., crown 8vo, red cloth, price 2s. 6d., or in green cloth, price 2s., may be obtained at all Booksellers', where a Complete List of the Thirty-seven Stories may be seen.

By EDWARD FITZGERALD.

MISCELLANIES (including EUPHRANOR

POLONIUS, &c.). By EDWARD FITZGERALD. Pott 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

[Golden Treasury Series.]

TWO NEW BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE TALE OF THE LITTLE TWIN DRAGONS.

With Coloured Illustrations by S. Rosamond Praeger. Demy 4to, picture boards, 6s.

By MRS. MOLESWORTH.

THE HOUSE THAT GREW.

Illustrated by Alice

B. Woodward. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

MACMILLAN & CO., Limited, London.

NEW POPULAR FICTION.**The Puppet Show.**

By MARIAN BOWER.

6s

"The story is a good modern novel of society, written in a lively manner. The character drawing is clever, and Miss Bower's 'puppets' dance with more individual life than those of many of her contemporaries."—*Spectator*.

"Her characters are fresh and interesting; her style is pleasant; and her situations are well presented."—*World*.

The Catacombs of Paris.

By E. BERTHET.

The first edition of this novel being now nearly exhausted, a second is in the press.

6s.

The Academy says: "This is a stirring story of the period preceding the French Revolution, with the special interest which attaches to subterranean doings."

A NEW ROMANTIC NOVEL.

Messrs. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO. beg to announce that they will publish on Wednesday, Nov. 7th,

The Pride of England.

By MARCUS REED.

6s.

The Shadow of Quong Lung.

By Dr. C. W. DOYLE.

3s. 6d.

"Remarkable ability is shown both in the conception and in the telling of these tales of Chinatown. The author knows the country and the people 'right through,' and has reproduced the atmosphere with remarkable faithfulness. The stories are full of interest and exciting situations."—*The Bookman*.

BY ORDER OF THE COMPANY.

By MARY JOHNSTON. 6s.

THE OLD DOMINION.

By MARY JOHNSTON. 6s.

JANICE MEREDITH.

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD. 6s.

SUNNINGWELL.

By F. WARRE CORNISH. 6s.

FATE THE FIDDLER.

By HERBERT C. MACILWAINE. 6s.

DINKINBAR.

By HERBERT C. MACILWAINE. 6s.

The Mind of Tennyson.

His Thoughts on God, Freedom, and Immortality
By E. HERSHEY SNEATH, Ph.D.

Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"Admirably sums up for us Tennyson's philosophic ideas and the creed he had ultimately arrived at. Since Mr. Stopford Brooke's comprehensive survey of Tennyson, nothing so excellent has been written on the poet's ideas."—*Spectator*.

A History of Education.

By THOMAS DAVIDSON,
Author of "Aristotle and the Ancient Educational Ideals," &c.
Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Oliver Cromwell.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
Author of "The Roughriders."
Fully illustrated. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"We can recommend the English Cromwellian to read Mr. Roosevelt for himself, for he will find some vigorous thoughts from a new point of view, and he will also find the book illustrated by some excellent views and portraits of the leaders of the time."—Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, in the *Speaker*.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO., Ltd., 2, Whitehall
Gardens, S.W.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S LIST.**Mrs. Humphry Ward's
NEW NOVEL***AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS'.*

With Illustrations by Albert Sterner.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

ELEANOR.**By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD,**

Author of "Robert Elsmere," "Marcella,"
"Sir George Tressady," &c.

NEW NOVEL BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

On NOVEMBER 15. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A DAUGHTER OF THE FIELDS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

Author of "The Dear Irish Girl," "She Walks in Beauty," &c.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.*AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS'.*

JUST PUBLISHED.—Crown 8vo, 6s.

LOVE IN A MIST.By OLIVE BIRRELL,
Author of "The Ambition of Judith," "Anthony Langayde," &c.**THE BRASS BOTTLE. By F. Anstey,**

Author of "Vice-Versa," "The Giant's Robe," "A Fallen Idol," &c.
With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.

FIRST IMPRESSION NEARLY EXHAUSTED.**SECOND IMPRESSION IN THE PRESS.**

Spectator.—"In his logical conduct of an absurd proposition, in his fantastic handling of the supernatural, in his brisk dialogue and effective characterisation, Mr. Anstey has once more shown himself to be an artist and a humourist of uncommon and enviable merit."

PUNCH.—"For weirdness of conception, for skilful treatment, and for abounding humour, Mr. Anstey's last, my Baronite avers, is a worthy companion of his first ('Vice-Versa')."

THE MAN-TRAP. By Sir William MAGNAY, Bart., Author of "The Pride of Life," "The Heiress of the Season," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.**THE ISLE of UNREST. By Henry Seton MERIMAN, Author of "The Sowers," "In Kedarn's Tents," "Roden's Corner," &c. With 6 Full-Page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.****SECOND IMPRESSION EXHAUSTED.****THIRD IMPRESSION READY IMMEDIATELY.**

TIMES.—"Capital reading, absorbing reading.....An exciting story with 'thrills' at every third page."

GUARDIAN.—"Altogether charming, serious yet gay, wholesome and manly, fresh and full of interesting incident."

THE MARBLE FACE. By G. Colmore,

Author of "A Daughter of Music," "The Strange Story of Hester Wynne," &c.

FIRST IMPRESSION EXHAUSTED.**SECOND IMPRESSION READY IMMEDIATELY.**

LITERATURE.—"A sustained work of much vividness and power.....The lady of the marble face is admirably drawn."

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"It says no little for the author's ability to hold the attention of his reader that our interest in the weird tragedy is never slackened."

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & CO. will be happy to send a Copy of their CATALOGUE post free on application.

London : SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Fiction Supplement.

SATURDAY: 3 NOVEMBER, 1900.

Some Novels of 1900.

As a complement to the list of the best novels published up to the end of October which our readers have decided for themselves, and which is given, with the voting, in the right-hand column of this page, we have drawn up another and an independent list. In settling this list our endeavour has been to ignore utterly all the noises of the market-place, all rumours of vast circulations, and all influences extraneous to literary art. We have considered every novel issued between New Year's Day and the end of last month, and drawn from that formidable array the dozen which seem to us to possess the most genuine intrinsic merit. Such an occasion as the present gives to the expert an opportunity of usefully correcting the wilder deviations of public opinion—that opinion which after much turning always approaches a true standard at last—and of calling attention to fine work that may have gained less than adequate notice. Our list is as follows (we should premise that it excludes short stories, and that the books are placed alphabetically according to author's names):

- The Increasing Purpose*, by James Lane Allen.
- Tommy and Grizel*, by J. M. Barrie.
- Lord Jim*, by Joseph Conrad.
- The Courtesy Dame*, by R. Murray Gilchrist.
- The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*, by Henry Harland.
- Robert Orange*, by John Oliver Hobbes.
- Quisanté*, by Anthony Hope.
- A Master of Craft*, by W. W. Jacobs.
- Sons of the Morning*, by Eden Phillpotts.
- Love and Mr. Lewisham*, by H. G. Wells.
- A Gift from the Grave*, by Edith Wharton.
- The West End*, by Percy White.

Apart from the absence of certain notorious names, two points will at once occur to the reader in regard to this list: first, that there are only two ladies among the authors, both American, and second, that the large majority of the books have been published during the latter half of the year. Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor*, we may remark, was not issued till November. Both peculiarities are probably due to mere accident. Going a little deeper, we perceive, happily, a sign of the extinction of the effete historical novel. We have several times remarked upon the decadence of the historical novel, and attributed it to a natural exhaustion of the form which Scott invented. Until the historical novelist can contrive not to imitate someone who imitated someone who imitated Scott—until he can bring a vigorous, original, and reviving imagination to the reconstitution of the past—it is quite well that the cult of the *temps jadis* should languish; and until then it decidedly will languish. An augury full of hope for the future of English fiction lies in the instinctive recognition by the best writers of this truth. The best writers show an ever-increasing tendency to write of that which they personally know—and know to the roots. In England, at any rate, we do not, elaborately or otherwise, "get up" our subjects. Not one of the twelve novels selected can fairly be termed a *rifacimento*. Each springs from an observation neither artificial nor hasty, and of the greater part it may be said that they are the fruit of life-long specialising. The practice of confining one's self to a particular environment may ultimately prove to have disadvantages, but meanwhile its advantages are striking. Whatever the theory of the matter, with Mr. Hardy in Dorset, Mr. Barrie in Kirriemuir, Mr. Phillpotts on Dartmoor, Mr.

Gilchrist on the Peak, Mr. Jacobs on Thames-side, Mr. Morrison in Essex, and Mr. Conrad on the Southern wave, we are indubitably getting results.

Another important and pleasing characteristic of the best fiction of the year is an increased fastidiousness in the matter of verbal precision, verbal dignity, and verbal beauty. All of the twelve writers seek these three qualities, without which fine style is never attained. With few exceptions they are stylists in the strict sense of Flaubert, constantly and consciously striving after effects of exactitude and beauty. In this respect, if in no other, English fiction shows a decided advance since "the palmy days, when Ruskin alone obeyed the axiom that literature is an art of words."

And, besides this renascence of style, there is to be noticed, also, a revival of humour. Ten years ago fiction was almost consistently devoid of humour. Now—well, now we have Mr. Jacobs, a humorist pure and simple, to reinforce Mr. Anstey. We have, further, Mr. Barrie, who is a humorist and something else; and we have writers like Mr. Phillpotts, and Mr. H. G. Wells, who are capable of producing the real thing in no mean quantities. In Mr. Harland and Mr. Percy White we possess wits of distinction. A general survey of the first ten months of the year proves, in fine, that, though we may not be living in the spacious times of fecund and prodigal genius, yet have we no cause to be ashamed of the imaginative literature of our period, since it is marked by efficiency, sincerity, an ample creative force, and humour.

OUR PLÉBISCITE.

Last week our usual Competition took the form of a request for the names of the twelve best novels published during the first ten months of the year. An examination of all the lists sent in has resulted in the following selection of novels which in the united judgment of the competitors are entitled to be considered the "twelve best" published in 1900 up to last Saturday.

TITLE.	NUMBER OF VOTES.
<i>Quisanté</i>	44
<i>Tommy and Grizel</i>	41
<i>Robert Orange</i>	41
<i>The Isle of Unrest</i>	32
<i>The Farringdons</i>	29
<i>The Increasing Purpose</i>	29
<i>A Master of Craft</i>	25
<i>Senator North</i>	23
<i>Sons of the Morning</i>	21
<i>The Gateless Barrier</i>	20
<i>The Master Christian</i>	19
<i>Sophia</i>	19

The twelve novels which our readers considered to come next in merit are as follows :

TITLE.	NUMBER OF VOTES.
<i>The Cardinal's Snuff-Box</i>	18
<i>Love and Mr. Lewisham</i>	16
<i>By Order of the Company</i>	14
<i>The Soft Side</i>	11
<i>Voices of the Night</i>	10
<i>The Fourth Generation</i>	9
<i>The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg</i>	9
<i>The West End</i>	9
<i>The Lane that Has No Turning</i>	8
<i>A Gift from the Grave</i>	8
<i>The Brass Bottle</i>	8
<i>The Infidel</i>	7
<i>Red Pottage</i>	7

We observe, by the way, that our contemporary, the *Onlooker*, has adopted a new method of criticism—not so new, however, but that it has been employed ere now in the ACADEMY. For the last two weeks people of note have

been asked to contribute lists of books which they have lately enjoyed reading. Among novels we notice the following selections:

The Duchess of Sutherland: *The Gateless Barrier*, *Robert Orange*, *The Courtesy Dame*, *Senator North*, *A Gift from the Grave*.

Mrs. Meynell: *A Gift from the Grave*, *The Greater Inclination*.

John Oliver Hobbes: *Fuoco*.

Mr. W. L. Courtney: *The Gateless Barrier*, *Sons of the Morning*, *Jezebel*, *Senator North*, *The Isle of Unrest*, *Quisante*.

A Novelist on the Novel.

MANY highly interesting opinions have been pronounced regarding the deterioration of the novel—that vivid morning star of literature—and some there be who deny deterioration altogether.

It is mostly a matter of point of view, like nearly every other question under the sun. If one means by the modern novel that of the last half-century, then I think those who deny its deterioration are in the right of it. If, however, modern, in this connexion, means produced during the last half-decade, then to methedeterioration is something that cannot be disproved, however one may deny or, more justifiably, excuse it. And I claim some concern in the last half-decade, by token that it was during this period that my own literary firstborn was delivered to, and unobtrusively buried by, the British public.

In connexion with the novel, I protest that the 'nineties, while possibly by no means the richest, have been psychologically the most interesting, the most vivid and pregnant, years of the century. Remember that Robert Louis Stevenson gave us of his ripest and finest work during the early 'nineties. He left us before the back of the decade was broken. At this distance, even, one can scarce record the fact without a catching of the breath. But, speaking of the decade, who shall say how much beside died and was lost, or appeared to be lost, with its middle year.

"A generation ago such a book would have been hailed as a masterpiece; would have gone through edition after edition. To-day the number of good books is larger than ever, and, splendid achievement though it be, cannot receive all its due." So I read in *Vanity Fair*, December 14, 1899; and, the book named being my own, I sympathised, appreciated keenly the reviewer's standpoint, and reviled my fortune because that the early 'nineties had seen me adrift in the Pacific, instead of at the publishers' doors in great little London Town.

Since mentioning the name of a magician in fiction who is no more, I have introduced my insignificant, if not modest, self. I am free and at large, therefore, among small potatoes, or even among matters not over odorous. My theory about the art of fiction is identical with the theory of that doctor in Charles Reade's *Hard Cash*: "Th' great Chronothairmal Therey o' Midicine; th' Unity, Periodicity, an' Remittency of all disease." I believe with pious optimism in the "Periodicity an' Remittency" of deterioration in the fictional art. And when Rudyard ceases from Imperialising, khaki has returned to the dust from which I am informed it derived its name, and we are a little advanced in the next decade, I look hopefully for a recrudescence of the upward trend of the early 'nineties; with something added, of course (we do move, you know), and, doubtless, with the inevitable switch down again a few years later.

Never mind the quality of the book I am about to name; but just reflect, if you please, upon the manner in which men and maidens talked of *The Story of an African Farm* in the early 'nineties. My point has little or nothing to do

with that book, or with any other particular book, but with the attitude adopted towards it by the huge throng of men and women in the street.

But, you say, the same men and maidens in the street now discuss with equal fervour the "novel of the century"; the hundred-thousandth copy of Miss Corelli's mistress-piece. Precisely! But from how totally different a standpoint! They discuss its story—I beg pardon if I have inadvertently used too trivial a word. They discuss its moral purpose, its bearing upon religious sects, and so forth and so on, in a highly improving vein. They do not pretend to be concerned with its literary style (I write with bated breath) or with the writing within its covers, *qua* writing, at all.

In the early 'nineties it was vastly different. Mamma in the suburbs discussed with her charming daughters, and with callers, the "atmosphere" of Miss D. E. Cadent's latest production. Papa, carrying home the fish for dinner in a mat basket, discussed on the tops of 'buses not the morality merely, but the literary style, the writing, the purely artistic merits and demerits, of the latest jewel from Vigo-street. You have your doubts, knowing Papa and Mamma intimately, as you do? Let us take a stroll down Fleet-street of the mid-decade, or, to be exact, of '93. Observe:

"This is a book which is a portentous sign of our time. The wildness, the fierceness, the animality that underlie the soft, smooth, surface of woman's pretty and subdued face—this is the theme to which—" &c.—T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in the *Weekly Sun*. "Singularly artistic in its brilliant suggestiveness."—*Daily News*, leading organ of Nonconformity. "A rich, passionate temperament vibrates through every line."—Eminently respectable, even Radical, *Daily Chronicle*. "These lovely sketches are informed by such throbbing feeling, such insight into complex woman, that we with all speed and warmth advise our readers—" &c.—*Literary World*, published by the proprietors of the *Christian World*. "A work of genius."—*Speaker*.

The book these lines were written in praise of ran through many editions, and was one of many treated in the same way. And that was not ages back, or in another country; but in the year of grace '93, and in this London of the six-shilling blood-and-khaki. It was the first volume in a series to which the title of "Keynotes" (what an archaic flavour the word has!) was given. Consider it, ye readers of newspapers in this year 1900!

I mentioned the matter the other day to a good friend of mine, who is a typical man in the street. "Why, yes," he said; "of course, we have our crazes; I suppose all peoples do; like heat waves. I guess that was a pretty nasty, drivelling sort of a period. There's not much trace of it now, anyway." Yes. Strong words those—nasty and drivelling. Not ill-fitting, perhaps; but consider the bearing upon my "periodicity" theory. Think what you will about the quality of the fictional art of that period. Many of its chosen subjects were beyond all doubt unpleasant, just as their treatment was frequently hysterical and sometimes offensive. But there can be no question about the wide, deep, and general interest displayed in it as art; the keen, earnest striving betrayed in it toward art; and the importunate demand made by it for the placing of literary and artistic standards above those of popularity and entertainment. And the man in the street met and obeyed the demand. At worst, he said he did. He no longer gave open vent to the Philistine cry for amusement, neat. He sought what he believed to be artistic merit. He asked for bread, and was given a sour sweetmeat? Possibly; but there was the striving. The avowed aim, however widely missed, was high.

Yes, relatively speaking, the aim was high. I scorn the inexpensive sneer, and affirm that in those sage-green booklets, with all their sticky unpleasantness, there was distinct striving after literary style. Nay; they had some good writing, with a genuine feeling for language, in

them. The book themselves—oh, yes! One is glad to be quit of them. But the spirit abroad among us which made for that enthusiastic striving; that was finer than the gross, stodgy Boothby-cum-Corelli-cum-Khaki debauch of the decade's end.

That low man goes on adding one to one
His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

For to-day, consider the caterers for the fictional debauch above-named; they toil not neither do they spin (in literature, at all events); yet I say unto you that Meredith and Hardy in all their glory are not arrayed like one of these. Neither are the dear and great dead of this decade.

But I hold to the "Periodicity an' Remittance" theory. The striving doubtless continues. Its recognition and reward is the thing intermittent. But, God save you merry gentlemen of the pen, it will come again!

A. J. DAWSON.

New Novels.

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder. 6s.) AGAIN Mrs. Ward has put the whole strength of her sympathy and knowledge into a story of men and women chastened and ennobled by love. They suffer by the way, as all must who seek the best by the road of self-renunciation, to find in the end that they have what they gave. Again, behind the human and natural episodes of the story, the muffled pendulum of her thought swings from Roman Catholicism to Agnosticism, from Indifference to New England Puritanism; again we note the fairness with which she reveals the opinions and temperament of her characters; again we feel her unexpressed agreement with that pregnant saying that religion has its sources elsewhere than in history, and with that truth enunciated by the Buddha—"the mind is everything; what you think you become." Her characters find the food they need. What is theirs comes to them. Eleanor turns to the Cross for refuge, Manisty turns from the insincerity that made him think he had grasped the symbol, and Lucy Foster, the girl from New England, remaining her own sweet, strong self, influences both, to their lasting good.

The background is Italy. The story passes entirely in Italy, mainly at a villa a few miles from Rome, at the time of the terrible disaster at Adowa. There Manisty, a too gifted and magnificent youth to be wholly convincing, has retired, in dudgeon, from the beginnings of a brilliant political career in England. In plain words, he is sulking, and using his feverish leisure in writing a book on Italy. His sympathies are all with the Past and the Vatican. He is building up a figure, typical, representative, "of the New Italy, small, insolent, venal—insulting and despising the old Italy, venerable, beautiful, and defenceless." His cousin, Eleanor, is his amanuensis, and companion to her aunt. She adores him with a concentration and a consistency commoner in fiction than in life, and he—well, in the dim future, when life has ceased to be adventurous, he may reward her. The knell of Eleanor's bliss is sounded with the advent of Lucy Foster on a visit to the villa. Manisty treats her appearance first with anger, then with indifference, then with "the indulgence of the politician and man of affairs towards the little backwoods girl who was setting him to rights," and then —. The working out of the theme is done with great skill, and with a sympathy and intuition of the innermost feelings of these two attractive women that gives the story a rare intellectual and emotional interest.

In the early pages it is difficult to accept Manisty with patience. Egoistical, vain, overbearing, he is a figure that most men would heartily resent, but the impasto is intentional, and if the reader suffers at the beginning

Manisty reaps the sowing of his self-indulgence, and emerges a man. Here is the early Manisty. He has been explaining to Lucy that a book, "a rather Liberal book," protesting "against the way in which the Jesuits are ruining Catholic University education in Germany," has been placed upon the Index:

"He has asked your opinion?" said Lucy, pursuing the subject.

"Yes. I told him the book was excellent—and his condemnation certain."

Lucy bit her lip.

"Who did it?"

"The Jesuits—probably."

"And you defend them?"

"Of course!—They're the only gentlemen in Europe who thoroughly understand their own business."

"What a business!" said Lucy, breathing quick—"To rush on every little bit of truth they see and stamp it out!"

"Like any other dangerous firework—your simile is excellent."

"Dangerous!" She threw back her head.—"To the blind and the cripples."

"Who are the larger half of mankind. Precisely."

She hesitated, then could not restrain herself.

"But you're not concerned?"

"I? Oh dear no. I can be trusted with fireworks. Besides, I'm not a Catholic."

"Is that fair?—to stand outside slavery—and praise it?"

"Why not?—if it suits my purpose?"

The later Manisty develops, through experiences that are quite natural and convincing, into something fine and capable. In a word, he "finds himself," through suffering, to an awakening with clear eyes. And the same thing happens, though by a different road, to Father Benecke, the admirably drawn priest who is excommunicated, cast adrift, scorned on account of his book:

With the final act of defiance, obscurely carried out, conditioned he knew not how, there had arrived for him a marvellous liberation of soul. Even at sixty-five he felt himself tragically new-born—naked and feeble indeed, but still with unknown possibilities of growth and new life before him. His book, instead of being revised, must be re-written. No need now to tremble for a phrase! Let the truth be told. He plunged into his old studies again, and the world of thought met him with a friendlier and franker welcome. On all sides there was a rush and sparkle of new light. How far he must follow and submit his trembling soul did not know. But for the moment there was an extraordinary though painful exhilaration—the excitement of leading-strings withdrawn and walls thrown down.

It is this quality, this correspondence of the characters with the world-movement of hidden spiritual things, the progress of the individual through self-renunciation towards the best, that gives this love story—for *Eleanor* is essentially a love story—its value. The winning of love, or the loss of love, is not the end, but the way, and love found with pain and sorrow is shown to be the companion, the guide, that leads to the things that are not seen.

Quisanté. By Anthony Hope.
(Methuen. 6s.)

THIS is the most serious work that Anthony Hope has done. It is to be classed with *The God in the Car* rather than with *The Prisoner of Zenda*; but the primal conception is far more elusive, and the reader receives no such aid—of doubtful legitimacy in the field of art—as comes from an obvious connexion with a familiar figure of the contemporary world. Nevertheless, *Quisanté*, as the author conceived him, is truly here; while the woman ridiculing his attitudes and braggadocio, dreading and hating in him the dulness of perception that left him at the mercy of the temptation to do the thing which it is the note of an outsider to see no harm in, yet captured by

the magnificence of his moments, is a splendid success. Here are sentences from the letter that Lady May wrote to the man who throughout had been in her confidence and now, Alexander Quisanté being dead, wanted her to become his wife :

You can love people and then forget them and love somebody else ; or love somebody else without forgetting. Love is simple and gentle, and, I suppose, gives way. Alexander doesn't give way. I shall hurt you now, I'm afraid, but I must say it. After him there can be no other man for me. I think I'm sorry I ever married him, for I could have loved somebody else and yet looked on at him. . . . I write very sadly ; for I didn't love him. And now I can love nobody. I shall never quite know what that means. Or is it possible that I loved him without knowing it, and hated him sometimes just because of that ? I mean, felt so terribly those times when he was—well, what you know he was sometimes. I find no answer to that. It never was what I thought love meant, what they tell you it means. But if love can mean sinking yourself in another person, living in and through him, meaning him when you say life, then I did love him.

We have chosen these fragments rather for the sake of conveying an impression of the situation, than as an especially striking example of what is to be found in the pages of *Quisanté*. Sometimes they are brilliant ; few of them are dull, and not one is irrelevant. The author maintains to the last his grip of the situation and the persons.

Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.
(Cassell. 6s.)

"Q" is an artist ; not a great artist, but always a real artist. He is a critic of admirable discernment, in whom the imitative instinct is bewilderingly puissant. It is characteristic of him that he could set to work upon the unfinished *St. Ives* and so carry it through that, from his own place, the author might have pronounced upon this complement of his unfinished story : "This is true, if inferior, I."

In these stories, as ever, Stevenson lords it : "The Lady of the Ship," "Frozen Margit," "The Adventure of a Small Free-Trader," "The Mystery of Joseph Laquedem" (not these alone)—well, they would easily pass muster as authentic R. L. S. But though the trail of Vailima is over it all, other modern influences, too, may be noted, even by the least critical, in the work of this so generous appraiser of his contemporaries. Nothing, for instance, could show less likeness to Mr. Kipling's manner than "The Mystery of Joseph Laquedem," yet that story could hardly be read without a running reference to "The Finest Story in the World." "Once Aboard the Lugger"—not, it must be confessed, a convincing tale—touches the ports of Wessex and Thrums ; and "A Pair of Heads" suggests an author whom in this connexion it would be (to him) flattery to name : for "Q" does admirably, as they say, come off. His treatment of the supernatural is, indeed, perfectly adroit. His story is told through the proper mouthpiece — comes from the lips of one who may well have believed it, and who, besides, was quite incapable of inventing it.

Apart from the rest stands the story, the vision, entitled "Oceanus," as the most memorable thing that, to our knowledge, Mr. Quiller-Couch has invented. The narrator, tormented by the insoluble problem of the cruelty that seems to rule in Nature, comes riding to a great arena that is fenced about with carved stone. Within, every anguish is presented. He penetrates ; witnesses all cruelties in act :

"I will see no more!" I cried, and turned towards the great purple canopy. High over it the sun broke yellow on the climbing tiers of seats. "Harry! someone is watching behind those curtains! Is it HE?"

Harry bent his head.

"But this is as I believed ! This is Nero, and ten times worse than Nero ! Why did you bring me here ?" I flung my hands towards the purple throne, and, finding myself close to a fellow who scattered sawdust with both hands, made a spring to tear his mask away. But Harry stretched out an arm.

"That will not help you," he said. "The man has no face."

"No face !"

"He once had a face, but it has perished. His was as the face of these sufferers. Look at them."

I looked from cage to cage, and now saw that indeed all these sufferers—men and women—had but one face : the same wrung brow, the same wistful eyes, the same lips bitten in anguish. I knew the face. *We all know it.*

"His own Son ! O devil rather than God !" I fell on my knees in the gushing water and covered my eyes.

"Stand up, listen and look !" said Harry's voice.

"What can I see ? He hides behind the curtain."

"And the curtain ?"

"It shakes continually."

"That is His sobs. Listen ! What of the water ?"

"It runs from the throne and about the floor. It washes off the blood."

"That water is His tears. It flows hence down the hill, and washes all the shores of earth."

Once, from the floor of his cage, a monkey caught up a fragment of a mirror, and glared at it ; at first vaguely, then with attention. And for the space of a flash of lightning he knew : "I am I." The man who imagined this parable of blood and water is no mere "sedulous ape."

Joan Brotherhood. By Bernard Capes.
(Pearson. 6s.)

MR. CAPES's literary faculty is in excess of his creative power, and the result is that he invites criticism which, if this excess did not trouble us, would pass him by scathless. We find delicacy, insight, power over words, and other good things on every page of this story ; yet the story leaves us rather cold. We have here not a creation, but a postulate. All through you are conscious that a theme has been selected as an exercise, and that you are privileged to see it worked out. But you are not convinced by the story, or warmed by the characters. If the story holds you, it is because you are attracted by the intellectuality of its telling ; and because there are thrown up a great number of delicate side-issues, reflections, paradoxes, and penetrative remarks, which are clever in themselves, and may be useful in other connexions. No ; Mr. Capes begins at the wrong end. He is all for ideas and their effective exploitation. His characters are brought into existence not to live their own lives, but to assist him to literary ends. For this reason Mr. Capes should take a credible thesis from without ; say, stick to the historical vein which he worked with so much success —though in a too phrase-laden style—in his *Comte de la Murette* and *Our Lady of Darkness*. When, as in this case, he tries to make a story of his own ; when we are to depend on him for both base and superstructure, or for both body and garment, the result is not satisfactory. Frankly, we do not believe in Joan Brotherhood, the sea-founding and stage-struck girl ; or in her lover, the spineless, but voluble, Latimer, who is alternately swayed by Joan and a truculent evangelical named Wilson who for his zeal to the Lord is ready to throw Joan down a well that Latimer may be saved for the saving of sinners. These and several other characters are too often talking for Mr. Capes. They are his deputies to the reader ; and there is curious similarity between the comment and the dialogue throughout the story, which develops, not like an organic thing, but like a tesselated design, phrase by phrase. The phrases are not so weird and dominant as some of Mr. Capes's earlier stories, yet they are sufficiently numerous and punctual to seem to

MESSRS. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS' LIST OF NOVELS.

By JOSEPH CONRAD.

LORD JIM: a Tale. By Joseph Conrad, Author of "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "An Outcast of the Islands," "Tales of Unrest," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The wind blows in your face, and you are filled with a sense of breadth, of space, of palpitating real life which is refreshing. 'Lord Jim' is a strong, sincere, and refined piece of work, a human document if ever there was one, and we congratulate Mr. Conrad upon a notable book."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Told with all Mr. Conrad's precision and romantic fervour."—*Academy*.

By SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart.

THE CHEVALIER of the SPLENDID CREST. By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P., Author of "A Duke of Britain," &c., &c. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A pleasant change from the average novel of to-day.... We can cordially recommend the novel to all who do not want to read about golf or baccarat, Wagner or Maeterlinck, suburban or slum life."—*Spectator*.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

A KING'S PAWN: a Romance. By Hamilton Drummond.

Author of "A Man of his Age," "For the Religion," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"An historical romance of the time of Henry of Bourbon.... Mr. Drummond has not only a sense of the picturesque, but a style much above the common."—*Outlook*.

By JANE JONES.

THE PRISON-HOUSE: a Romance. By Jane Jones.

Second Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"One of the most powerful novels of the season."—*Punch*.

By B. PAUL NEUMAN.

THE UTTERMOST FARTHING. By B. Paul Neuman, Author of "The Interpreter's House," "The Supplanter," "A Villain of Parts," Crown 8vo, 6s.

"This clever and decidedly original story.... A narrative of remarkable dramatic quality."—*Daily Chronicle*.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

THE LUNATIC at LARGE. Third Impression. Crown 8vo, 6s.

By GRAHAM TRAVERS.

MONA MACLEAN, MEDICAL STUDENT. Fifteenth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

WINDYHAUGH. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

FELLOW TRAVELLERS. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

By BEATRICE HARRADEN.

THE FOWLER. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

IN VARYING MOODS: Short Stories. Thirteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

HILDA STRAFFORD, and **THE REMITTANCE MAN**. Eleventh Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SHIPS that PASS in the NIGHT. Twentieth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

By BERNARD CAPES.

FROM DOOR to DOOR. Crown 8vo, 6s.

OUR LADY of DARKNESS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE ADVENTURES of the COMTE de la MUETTE during the REIGN of TERROR. Crown 8vo, 6s.

By W. E. W. COLLINS.

THE DON and **the UNDERGRADUATE**: a Tale of St. Hilary's College, Oxford. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A SCHOLAR of his COLLEGE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

[Immediately.]

By NEIL MUNRO.

JOHN SPLENDID. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE LOST PIBROCH. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

By ZACK.

ON TRIAL. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

LIFE is LIFE. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

By SYDNEY GRIER.

IN FURTHEST IND Post 8vo, 6s.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

AN UNCROWNED KING. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

PEACE with HONOUR. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A CROWNED QUEEN. Crown 8vo, 6s.

LIKE ANOTHER HELEN. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE KINGS of the EAST. Crown 8vo, 6s.

ILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

HURST & BLACKETT'S NEW BOOKS.

NOW READY. In 1 vol., crown 4to. Fully Illustrated by Drawings by A. D. McCormick (from Sketches made by E. S. Grogan), Original Drawings by E. S. Grogan, Photographs and Photogravure Portraits of the Authors, Maps, &c. PRICE ONE GUINEA NET.

FROM THE CAPE TO CAIRO,
The First Traverse of Africa from South to North.

By EWART S. GROGAN and ARTHUR H. SHARP.
With Introductory Letter from the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes.

"A notable and attractive addition to the great library of African travel."—*Morning Post*.

"Mr. Grogan captivates his readers from the very beginning of his story. The volume abounds in good practical sense and shrewd observation. Its illustrations, of which there are about a hundred and twenty, are admirable."—*Daily News*.

"A book that deserves the heartiest reception from all who like bright and vivacious writing and magnificently illustrated accounts of travel and adventure. The authors have seen much that is new and strange in these little-known regions of Central Africa, and they record it with admirable judgment and effect."—*Daily Express*.

THE BOOK OF THE MOMENT.
In 1 vol., crown 8vo, with Map, price 6s.

THE RENASCENCE of SOUTH AFRICA.
By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN, Author of "China in Transformation"; formerly Administrator of Mashonaland, South Africa.

NEW AND INTERESTING BOOK OF TRAVEL.
In 1 vol., demy 8vo, with 90 Illustrations, after Drawings and Photographs by the Author, price 12s. net.

AMONG the WOMEN of the SAHARA.
By Madame JEAN POMMEROL. Translated by Mrs. ARTHUR BELL (N. D'ANVERS), Author of "The Elementary History of Art," &c.

A SPLENDID BOOK ON SPORT IN INDIA.
Now ready, in 1 vol., demy 8vo, with 59 Illustrations and 3 Maps, 16s. net.

WILD SPORTS of BURMA and ASSAM.
By Colonel POLLOK (late Staff Corps) and W. S. THOM (Assistant Superintendent of Police, Burma).

NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

A SUFFOLK COURTSHIP.

By M. BETHAM EDWARDS.
Author of "The Lord of the Harvest," "A Storm-rent Sky," &c.
In 1 vol., crown 8vo, price 6s. [In the press.]

A TRAGEDY OF THREE.

By T. T. DAHLE.
1 vol., crown 8vo, price 6s.

MOTHER-SISTER.

By EDWIN PUGH.
Author of "Tony Drum," "The Man of Straw," &c.
In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

THE DISHONOUR OF FRANK SCOTT.

By M. HAMILTON.
Author of "A Self-denying Ordinance," "Macleod of the Camerons," &c.
In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

THE SILENT GATE: a Voyage into Prison.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.
Author of "An Idler in Old France," "The Dungeons of Old Paris," &c.
In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

THE WORLD'S SLOW STAIN.

By HAROLD VALLINGS.
Author of "The Transgression of Terence Clancy," "A Month of Madness," &c.
In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES: a Romance.

By JOANNA WOOD.
Author of "The Untempered Wind," "Judith Moore," &c.
In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

ON ALIEN SHORES.

By LESLIE KEITH.
Author of "The Mischief Maker," "Lisbeth," &c.
In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

HURST & BLACKETT, LIMITED, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

pass like telegraph posts seen from a railway carriage window. The wires seem to rise, the phrase passes, and then the wires slope down to be jerked up by another phrase. So that even Mr. Capes's successes in this kind come to be looked for, and the reader's pleasure is less in the phrase than in its punctual arrival. "Crowdie writhed. His face was like wet veal." Now, in its place, that is quite good; but its place is at the bottom of page 243, and by that time the reader—relieved of any very compelling interest in the story—is inclined to say: "There goes another," or "What, ho!—she bumps." And yet it is an ungrateful task to criticise Mr. Capes like this, seeing that, if he did not write so well, or conceive so intellectually, we could give him the praise which—using another standard—falls to less clever and important writers.

Cunning Murrell. By Arthur Morrison.
(Methuen. 6s.)

THERE is a hard, clear polish in Mr. Morrison's writing that is seen at its best in this book. The style is also kept up to a high level. Between the first page and the last we have not detected a slovenly or careless passage, and scarcely anything that could be called a purple patch. Yet, at the end, we rather doubt if the proper manner be wedded to the matter. In this novel Mr. Morrison has left the Jago and its mean streets for what was in 1854—the date of the story—the secluded fishing agricultural village of Hadleigh. His theme is rural superstition. Cunning Murrell is a professor of white magic, master of the devil, and witchfinder, and round his "curis and powerful arts" all the interest centres. A few yokels and their womenkind, a simple, one-legged old tar, a blacksmith, various smugglers, and one or two Revenue officers form the *dramatis personæ*. Very little stress is laid on plot or story, Mr. Morrison relying chiefly for his interest on the sayings and doings of his village clowns. That is why we think a less nervous and direct style would have answered better. What was needed to present them attractively was an abundant and sunny humour, a love of whim and foible, and it well may be a gentle and kindly satire. We would fair reduce fault-finding to a minimum in the case of work so strong and conscientious, but the story in our opinion loses attractiveness from a lack of these qualities in Mr. Morrison. His picture is too stern and harsh. The superstition, too, is a little overdone. In a dedicatory letter the author informs us that Cunning Murrell was an historical character who left behind him an "amazing heap of documents." Well, that does not matter one bit. The Murrell of Mr. Morrison's imagination is not the quack who was dealing in potions and spells during the early days of the Crimean War. The test we apply is not "historical," but whether he is an authentic, credible character who falls naturally into his place in the little world of the novel. One cannot write absolutely on the point. All that we can say is that one reader, very willing and anxious to be pleased, has not been able to obtain this impression. A possible explanation is that village superstition is dragged too violently into the foreground, whereas it rather lurks in the background of country life.

Without being in any case extraordinary, the characters are all etched in with Mr. Morrison's incisive cleverness. Any one of the scenes wherein the mother wit of Murrell is pitched against that of the various people who try to get the better of him is worth quoting; indeed, the dialogue throughout does infinite credit to the accurate observation, and still more to the self-restraint, of a writer who never is tempted into exaggeration. In the squalor, bitterness, and gross superstition of the Barhams, the alleged sufferers from the witchcraft of an innocent old woman, Mr. Morrison finds opportunity for displaying those qualities that make his tales of mean streets at once

so striking and so repellent. As a contrast he has drawn for us Roboshobery Dove—the name is too good to have been wasted on so conventional a figure. Much as we like the old sailor, man-of-war's man, and ex-smuggler, who "fit the French so high! so high! Damme!" he is not much more than a lay figure. The women are nearly all done better than the men, and are without exception extremely miserable or very unamiable.

The Brass Bottle. By F. Anstey.
(Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

MR. ANSTEY, after too long a silence, has mixed another of those compounds of ancient magic and latter-day middle-class life of which the best example is *Vice Versa*. In the new book, Horace Ventimore, an architect of slender income, becomes possessed of a brass jar from which, when the lid is at last removed, emerges a Jinnee of the kind made familiar by the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. This Jinnee, in gratitude to his rescuer, heaps upon Horace Ventimore a series of embarrassing gifts, which threaten the complete ruin of all his prospects, both professional and amatory; but, of course, are diverted in time into beneficial channels.

Mr. Anstey tells the story with his usual matter-of-fact precision; but it lacks spontaneity. The machinery creaks a little, and we are asked to believe rather too much. Leander Twiddle's vicissitudes with his tinted Venus, Mr. Bultitude's adventures in his son's shape, were not incredible. Granted the magic at the back of them they seemed possible and undetectable by the neighbours. But Ventimore's Jinnee builds a huge Oriental palace for a client in Hampshire in a single night, transforms Ventimore's lodgings into halls of Arabian splendour with the same celerity, and sends him presents by a train of camels. These things are not acceptable to us for the reason that they would have excited public attention and remark, and would have led to difficulties ignored by the author.

Here and there we have laughed a good deal as we read, but the total effect of the story is not what it might be. Some of the Jinnee's proverbs are amusing. Thus: "He that adventureth upon matrimony is like unto one who thrusteth his hand into a sack containing many thousands of serpents and one eel. Yet, if Fate so decree, he may draw forth the eel."

The Soul of the Countess, and Other Stories, with Verse Preludes. By Jessie L. Weston.
(David Nutt. 3s. 6d.)

THESE stories are full of "nice" feeling. They have a touch of poetry and are written in good English, the archaic affectations of which are not offensive. A young reader, to whom the ideas and motives were not trite, might well find in them a considerable charm. But to readers acquainted with many and better fanciful tales there is nothing here really fresh, nothing bearing that stamp of individual personality which alone, at this stage of the world's literary development, can give value to work in this branch.

The first story challenges comparison with one in the too little known volume called *The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde*, and to compare the two is a lesson in story-telling. "The Heart of Princess Joan" is not by any means the best story in its group, but it has firmness of outline, wealth of incident, a gradual heightening of interest, and genuine pathos. Compared with it "The Soul of the Countess" lacks depth, variety, and climax.

"Our Lady of the Forest," again, bears a superficial resemblance to one of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Little Novels of Italy*, and the contrast in resemblance is curious. Mr. Hewlett's irony may irritate and offend even while it charms, but at least the impression remains; while Miss Weston's

irreproachable little miracle legend, with a daintiness and purity of its own that ought to make a gem of it, leaves no impression at all. So with "The Archbishop that was a Saint." Andersen would have made that story complete, naïve, and also classical in a couple of pages; Dr. Garnett would have touched it with a sly and mischievous humour delightful to the few and incomprehensible to the many: Miss Weston manages just to miss the vital something. In the writing of legends and fairy tales there is no middle path: there are but the best and the bad; and these are not of the best.

Clare Monro: the Story of a Mother and Daughter.
By Hannah Lynch. (John Milne. 2s. 6d.)

In her new volume Miss Lynch has dealt in the dimensions of a sketch with a subject large enough to furnish forth the old-fashioned three volumes. Only the method of Ibsen, who gathers together in a few poignant scenes of the present the whole background of a group of lives, could render interesting in less than two hundred small pages the history of this mother and daughter. As it is, there has not been room to make persons of them, and they remain puppets—the puppets of melodrama. They are attitudes, not characters. The necessity of compressing too big a story has destroyed gradation; everything is sudden, violent, pitched a note or two above the key of nature, so that modern English ladies say: "Had I known," and: "Ah, this can never be." The total absence of humour—amazing in the work of a writer so well endowed with the quality—heights the effect of falsetto; and there are occasional slips and awkwardnesses of style which might perhaps pass unnoticed but for the challenge of the publisher's injudicious quotation, from some unnamed critic, of a declaration that "her work is recognised as that of the first living exponent of English classic style." Praise so exaggerated sets human perversity seeking to pick holes, and the search is soon successful. "To feel so alive to his dulness" is not precisely a classic form of expression; nor is it permissible in English to divide a pronoun from its antecedent noun, as is done on page 22, by two full stops and an intervening sentence with no fewer than seven other nouns in it. In short, *Clare Monro* is not, and probably was never meant to be, written in a classic style at all. It was, however, probably meant to be a tragedy, and it does but succeed in being a melodrama. Miss Lynch, whose standing is really a high one, has done and should do better things.

The Novel of Domesticity.

Rue with a Difference. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
(Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

It may be said concerning some novels that their titles are an absolute disclosure of them. The remark applies to nearly all Miss Carey's. For thirty-two years she has been sending forth amiable and blameless romances of an austere etiquette, with titles like *Wee Wifie*, *Not Like other Girls*, and *Queenie's Whim*. We may say that we have read these books, but, had we not done so, we should still have known them; and now here is *Rue with a Difference*—a romance with even less romance in it. The scene is laid in a cathedral town (doubtless Winchester disguised), and canons and deans abound. Here the phrase "the dear dean" is used seriously. After Valerie (heroine) has betrothed herself to the hero, who saved her from the falling bough of a snow-laden tree, she says, "in a relieved tone": "I am glad the Dean approved." And, when the same lady makes an afternoon call, this speech is recorded of her hostess: "A thousand pardons for keeping you waiting, Mrs. Thurston. I have been indisposed, and keeping my room late, and I was still

engaged with my toilette when your name was brought to me." The point is, not that the hostess should have so spoken, but that Miss Carey should have set the words down. The book is full of nothings—mild, inoffensive, inexpressibly tedious. It is so negligible that in the very act of perusal you scarcely know whether you are reading it or not. Yet it, too, is in the scheme of things; it inculcates truth—narrow, shallow, fractional, but still truth of a sort. Because of its narcotic sobriety, its calm dignity, its perfect lack of humour, its profound and splendid ignorance, its loyalty to an exhausted convention, it deserves, and it shall have, respect.

Path and Goal. By Ada Cambridge.
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

MISS CAMBRIDGE also begins in a cathedral town, but she at once shows a wider and a worldlier view. She laughs openly at curates—"the Dundreary-whiskered young man with the severe dog-collar and the dangling gold cross"—and she has a perception that district visitors may be absurd in their romanticism. *Path and Goal* is an example of the "powerful" domestic novel. It may start in Wakeminster, but it ends—and ends tragically—on the high seas. While the final storm is done fairly well, the catastrophe itself seems unconvincing and unnecessary; it is merely the result of a firm intention to be "powerful." Miss Cambridge is seldom original. Her characters have been invented for her by predecessors in the art. There is the girl with "the rich voice, rolling, organ-like, at the back of the throat"; and the girl "whose beautifully dressed head and marble neck, white as the pearls encircling it [how long will this obviously silly mis-statement about flesh persist?] rose, Clytie-like, from the bank of flowers. . . ."; and the "unassuming brown-haired, grey-eyed girl, in a washed muslin frock." Of course the last is the heroine. The name of the hero is Adrian. Despite a heavy touch and a constantly recurring conventionality, the book is quite readable. At the back of it is a little genuine creative force, a little real passion.

Monica Grey. By Lady Hely-Hutchinson.
(John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

In an exhortatory and somewhat pietistic preface Lady Hely-Hutchinson remarks, apropos of the South African War, that God "will not disdain the offering of a nation's sorrowing womanhood"; and she urges her "sister women" not to murmur if their place—"their very own allotted place"—is "not in the showy fighting line." We have failed to perceive the connexion between this and Monica's history. The principal situation in *Monica Grey* recalls Balzac's *Lily in the Valley*, being that of a pure and noble married woman passionately in love with a man not her husband. There is a great deal of debating-society talk in the book, and twice the perfect Monica is made to express herself on the subject of fallen women. The second time she spoke thus:

"Have you forgotten who it was who said, 'She loved much because much was forgiven her,' and to whom He said it?" I asked her, in my turn.

"I have not forgotten," Monica said wistfully; "but I never have quite understood. I really have doubted, in all reverence, whether our Lord was not too tender with such women. Could His spotless purity fathom the depths into which depravity and loss of self-respect may drag a human being? Could He know how low that woman had fallen? Could He understand how well-deserved her shame and misery were?"

Such sentiments, "in all reverence," scarcely showed the perfect Monica in her best light, and one is not quite grieved for her awful predicament with that lame darling, Ronald Lindsay. Lady Hely-Hutchinson solves the difficulty by killing both lovers. It was a clumsy, feeble-

forcible expedient, and, with the vibrating *vox humana* stop full on the whole time, the latter half of the book scarcely escapes being maudlin. The author has lofty, if limited, ideals, and doubtless *Monica Grey* is a sincere expression of them. But it is the novel of an amateur from end to end.

The Dissemblers. By Thomas Cobb.
(John Lane. 6s.)

In *The Dissemblers* Mr. Cobb has constructed an amusing intrigue on the basis of a most ordinary domestic situation. Penelope, a modern independent orphan, quarrelled with her Aunt Esther (a dark, vindictive woman, separated from her husband) and left Esther's house for Paris. The aunt thought Pen had eloped with a certain impecunious Jack, and she sent two men in pursuit. One of these men was Leslie Munro, the world-famous novelist of an Empire's life, and the other was an ass named Cusack. One went to Dover, the other to Folkestone, and each thought he was the sole emissary. Munro overtook Penelope at Dover (she was not eloping—merely escaping to friends in Lutetia), and he persuaded her to return. Cusack, having done Folkestone, was inspired to proceed to Dover, where he saw Munro with Penelope, and, misapprehending the case, punched him in the mouth. The punching was not irremediable, and might have been remedied, had not the whole thing got itself in the papers, and had not Penelope's legal guardian arrived on a sudden from India. The guardian insisted on instant marriage between Munro and Penelope, as the one means of hushing scandal. To appease him, the pair consented to a temporary and purely formal engagement, which was to be broken off when it had served its purpose. Then Jack, rich at last, intervenes, and more trouble ensues. The point is that Munro and Penelope were actually in love, though "dissemblers." On the last page they kiss. And all this springs from a quarrel between aunt and niece. The quickly moving tale is told with admirable skill. Of course it has neither height nor depth of passion, but in many ways it is the best, the neatest book that fertile Mr. Cobb has yet produced. It is continually funny, not in phrase, but in its predicaments. The Dover - Folkestone scenes are delightful.

The Conscience of Coralie. By F. Frankfort Moore.
(C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

MR. FRANKFORT MOORE has returned to his old vein, the vein of *I Forbid the Banns* and *A Gray Eye or So*; and we are glad. Coralie Randal, owner of the conscience, was the yearning and earnest daughter of an American millionaire. She came over to England to study British society, and the Irish Question in particular, under the wing of Lady Glasnamara. On arrival she was as raw as a milkmaid, and Rosamund, Lady Glasnamara's daughter, soon discovered the fact:

"We are not made in the same mould," the American girl remarked, but not until a considerable space had elapsed. "I could not read an account of bloodshed; I am member of the Brotherly Love Society of Nokomis. Our aim is to make war and bloodshed impossible."

"I hope your aims will be realised," said the English girl. "Where is Nokomis?"

"It's in Hebron County," replied Coralie. "Hiram Dewey is the president of the Brotherly Love Society."

"And who is Hiram Dewey?"

"What, you never heard of Hiram Dewey, the orator? Carpenter G. Hanker says he is the greatest orator that has lived since Demosthenes."

"And who is Carpenter G. Hanker?"

"Ah, now I see that you have been in jest all along; and I thought you in earnest. Every one must have heard of Carpenter G. Hanker, the Father of Personality."

The author unrolls, as it were, the whole panorama of English life before the eyes of this girl (who was not a

fool), and duly provides her with a lover. Her conscience nearly drives her back to America; but the lover, after a ride of fourteen miles within the hour, stops Coralie in the nick of time, and the novel ends. It is very witty and amusing; quite as good, we think, as anything that Mr. Moore has accomplished: and to say that is to say something. After his deviations into the eighteenth century and elsewhere, Mr. Moore proves that he has lost none of his faculty for imperturbably and smilingly stripping modern shams of their pageantry.

The Worldlings. By Leonard Merrick.
(John Murray. 6s.)

MR. MERRICK's aim is always "to tell a story"; and that, after all, should be the sole aim of the novelist. He finds an interesting sequence of events (which implies that he finds at least one interesting character), and then he proceeds to relate, as simply as possible. There is no decoration, no overlaying, no pause for the performance of feats for the gallery. This is right. Some novelists are called artists because they do the very tricks which Mr. Merrick is artist enough to leave alone. *The Worldlings* begins in South Africa, where Maurice Blake, a failure, learns of the death of a friend who had been living with a mistress. The dead man is the son of a baronet with twenty thousand a year, and Rosa, the mistress, suggests that Blake should personate him. After resisting the temptation, Maurice yields, and promises to give Rosa a quarter of all receipts, and to introduce her into society. Behold him next the centre of a luxurious English domesticity. He marries, and adores his wife. Now it is that Blake (called Jardine), out of respect for his wife, declines to fulfil the second part of his engagement with Rosa. Complications ensue, and at length Blake confesses everything to the aged baronet. He is about to retire again into obscurity, when the loyalty of the woman he loves saves him from the consequence of his crime. We have put the outline of the plot baldly. In a sense the novel, too, is bald; but it is also good—quiet, unassuming, severe, dignified. The characterisation of the four principal persons is done with genuine skill. While missing both brilliance and extreme power, *The Worldlings* is still, within its limits, a quite satisfactory piece of art.

Edmund Fulleston; or, the Family Evil Genius.
By B. B. West. (Longmans. 6s.)

SOMEWHAT old-fashioned, and perhaps a little tedious in places, this is nevertheless a sound and strong novel of social life, and by no means without originality. It relates the history of the two ruling families, the Campbells and the Mitchells, of that ancient ecclesiastical city, Halchester, and shows how the entire clan was ruined by Edmund Fulleston, a connexion by marriage, and how Fulleston erected his own proud edifice on the *débris* of their fall. The character of Fulleston, the mild, stuttering, flattering insinuator, is drawn with real effectiveness, and, indeed, the portraits of all the various members of the Campbell-Mitchell fraternity have an unusual vitality. Mr. West employs a plain, straightforward method, almost wholly dispensing with dialogue, and he has certainly compassed a diverting and valuable study of domestic and municipal life. We have read the book with zest. The chief fault of the story lies in the pattern-like regularity of the results of Fulleston's intercourse with the different chiefs of the clan. The nomenclature of the characters and their residences, too, is a blot on the book. Mr. West belongs to the same small school of novelists as that ingenious and clever, but insufficiently appreciated, writer, Mr. Thomas Pinkerton, the author of *Dead Oppressors*. To those who know Mr. Pinkerton's work this will be a recommendation.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS

FOR READERS OF NOVELS.

TWENTY-SECOND THOUSAND IN THE PRESS.

SENATOR NORTH. By Gertrude Atherton, Author of "Patient Sparhawk," "American Wives and English Husbands," &c. Cr 8vo, 6s.
"Brilliant and interesting."—*Spectator*.
"A great and notable success."—*Daily Telegraph*.
"A great novel."—*Vanity Fair*.
"A strong work."—*Outlook*.
"A distinguished work."—*Academy*.

THIRTY-SECOND THOUSAND IN THE PRESS.

THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX. By Henry Harland, Author of "Comedies and Errors," "Grey Roses," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.
"Dainty and delicious."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.
"Every page of it is interesting."—*Morning Post*.
"A work of art."—*World*.
"A charming romance."—*Spectator*.

THE DISSEMBLERS. By Thomas Cobb, Author of "Scruples," "The Judgment of Helen," "Mr. Passingham," &c. [Just published.]

LOVE of COMRADES: a Romance. By Frank Mathew, Author of "Defender of the Faith," "One Queen Triumphant," &c. [Just published.]

FOR LOVERS OF GARDENS.

SEVEN GARDENS and a PALACE. By E. V. B. Author of "Days and Hours in a Garden." With numerous Illustrations by F. L. B. Griggs and Arthur Gordon. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.
"One of the most charming books which have been published for many a long day."—*Country Life*.

THE CHRONICLE of a CORNISH GARDEN. By HARRY ROBERTS. With 7 Illustrations of an Ideal Garden by F. L. B. Griggs. Crown 8vo, 6s. net. [Just published.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMERICANS. Large Cartoons. By C. D. Gibson. In form with "The Education of Mr. Pipp," "Pictures of People," &c. Large folio, 18 by 12 inches, price 20s.

THE CHURCH of the FATHERS. By John Henry Newman (afterwards Cardinal). Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

THE FILIPINO MARTYRS: the Story of the Crime of February 4th, 1890. By an Eye-Witness, RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. With a New Map and 3 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

WORLDLY WAYS and BYWAYS. By An Idler (ELIOT GREGORY). Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE MYSTERY of GODLINESS: a Poem. By F. B. MCONEY-COUTTS, Author of "The Revelation of St. Love the Divine," "The Alabamas, and other Poems," &c. Pott 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

VOLUME VI. NOW READY.

THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW.

A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY.

Edited by Lady RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL

(Mrs. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST).

Bound in leather, with a Design in Gold from an Historic Binding.
Price 21s. net per quarter.

CONTENTS.

ON the BINDING. CYRIL DAVENPORT.
LONDON—AFTER FORTY YEARS. Sir WEMYSS REID.
A STUDY in DESPAIR. HUGH CLIFFORD.
COMET-LORE. E. V. HEWARD.
CONCERNING some PORTRAITS of EMMA, LADY HAMILTON. Lord RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER.
MARLBOROUGH and WELLINGTON. Judge O'CONNOR MORRIS.
THREE SERESESSES (1886-1900, 1424-1431). ANDREW LANG.
"THE BLUDGY ADVOCATE MACKENZIE." FRANCIS WATT.
SISTER BEATRICE: a Miracle Play. In Three Acts. MAURICE MARTELINCK. Done into English by A. BERNARD MIALL.
SHELLEY'S VIEWS on ART. RICHARD GARRETT, C.B.
A FRENCH GOVERNESS EDITH SICHEL.
TOLSTOY and TURGENIEFF. EDWARD GARRETT.
THE QUEEN'S CHRONICLER. STEPHEN GWINNE.
AUNT MAISIE'S INDISCRETION. W. EARL HODGSON.
THE SALON in ENGLAND. GEORGE WHALE.
POSTPONED. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.
"THE GARDEN of LOVE." A Painting by Rubens in the Prado. MAX BEERBOHM.
SIR HARRY PARKES in CHINA. S. LANE-POOLE.
IMPRESSIONS and OPINIONS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRANÇOISE D'AUBIGNÉ, Marquise de Maintenon. FERDINAND ELLE.
LADY HAMILTON. TISCHBEIN.
LADY HAMILTON: Cameo and Miniature.
THE LORD ADVOCATE MACKENZIE. KNELLER.
LÉON TOLSTOY. J. E. RÉPIÈNE.
IVAN TURGENIEFF. J. E. RÉPIÈNE.

Mr. JOHN LANE will send his Illustrated Autumn Lists, post free, on receipt of a post card.

JOHN LANE, Publisher, Vigo Street, London, W.

HARPER & BROTHERS' NEW FICTION.

AN ANONYMOUS SATIRE ON MODERN SOCIAL LIFE.

Slaves of Society.

A Comedy in Covers.

By THE MAN WHO HEARD SOMETHING.

Crown 8vo, cloth decorated, 6s.

[Now ready.]

"The tale is clever in its delineation of character, ingeniously constructed, and sparkling in its dialogue, painting the fashionable people of the moment in vivid, graceful lines, and no one will read it without a keen and hearty enjoyment."—*Scotsman*.

Chloris of the Island.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON,

Author of "The Adventurers," "The Rebel," "The Princess Xenia."

Crown 8vo, Illustrated, 6s.

[Ready Nov. 1.]

The Inner Shrine.

By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK

(Mrs. ANDREW DEAN),

Author of "The Grasshoppers," "Mrs. Finch, Brassey."

Crown 8vo, 6s.

[Just published.]

A Breaker of Laws.

W. PETT RIDGE'S

LATEST STUDY of THE COCKNEY CHARACTER AND
"MEAN STREET" LIFE.

Cloth, 6s.

"The tone of the book is excellent throughout; it is the life of the slums caught at its happiest moments and admirably reproduced, not the least of its merits being that, though true, it is never distasteful."—*Daily News*.

SECOND EDITION.

Love and Mr. Lewisham.

By H. G. WELLS,

Author of "The Wheels of Chance," "The Time Machine."

Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"It will be considered by many the most fascinating piece of work Mr. Wells has done."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Mr. Wells's brilliant success....We can think of few books with anything like the amount of entertainment to the square inch."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Wonderfully well done; the descriptive pages are charming, the dialogue real and bright."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Whilomville Stories.

By the Late STEPHEN CRANE,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Open Boat."

Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations by Peter Newell, cloth, 5s.

[Ready Nov. 8.]

Palace Tales.

By HY. FIELDING.

Tales of Burma and the Burmese, and of Life in the
Old Palace at Mandalay.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

HARPER & BROTHERS, 45, Albemarle Street, W.

A Furnace of Earth. By Hallie Erminie Rives.
(Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

MISS (OR MRS.) RIVES writes in a manner to suggest that she is a relative of Amélie Rives, author of that hectic novel *The Quick and the Dead*. She has, however, none of the latter's imaginative power. *A Furnace of Earth* is a love story of a most violent and hysterical kind—an orgy of flamboyant emotions and bizarre adverbs.

"I love you!—you!—you!" he said, stammering and hoarsely. "I love you!"

The tumbling passion of the utterance pierced through her like a spear of desperate gladness. Every nerve reached and quivered, tendril-like. His deep breathing, toned with the dripping sap of the shingle, seemed to throb through her. She lay quiet, breathless, her lashes drooped, her very skin tense under the lasting burn of his lips.

"Margaret! Ardee, dear! Look at me!"

Her eyes flowed into his. From a flushed blur under cloud-pale eyelids, they had turned to violet balls, shot through with a trembling light. The look she gave him melted over him in a rage of love.

(It is all like that.) Strange to say, after such a scene, Margaret leaves her Daunt inexplicably; she meets him again finally in a hospital, where Daunt is planted after a railway accident. Then, "she was bathed in a wave of violent trembling." Margaret had "beautiful white ideals." Her history is obscure owing partly to the author's affected method of narrative, and partly to the continual superlative stridency which at last robs every phrase of any definite meaning. Here and there is disclosed a certain faint cleverness.

The Novel of Adventure.

The Isle of Unrest. By Henry Seton Merriman. Illustrated.
(Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE genteel form of Hooliganism known as vendetta is an ancient theme, and your fiction-weaving optimist has been long aware that hereditary enemies of opposite sexes may fall in love with each other in no half-hearted manner. But Mr. Merriman knows how to brush up old properties; he is a practised man of the world who can write with a feeling for romance while preserving a well-bred air as who should say, "I sympathise, but I retain my self-possession."

The period of his story is 1870, a circumstance which permits of the introduction of a portrait of Napoleon the Third which glooms with saturnine majesty, the result of the painter's scarcely covert enthusiasm, upon which a sidelight is thrown by the rather cheap epigram that a republic is "a community wherein every man is not only equal to, but better than, his neighbour."

Of epigram of a kind there is, indeed, no dearth in Mr. Merriman's pages. As a rule they are flashes from the Obvious. "Nothing is so unsightly in death as a deceased fashion" is one. "Even the very poor may be charitable: they can think kindly of the rich" is another. One may be grateful; for, when the Obvious has emerged from the chrysalis of verbosity (where it is generally lodged) into the empyrean of epigram, it makes a passably pretty butterfly.

In fine, Mr. Merriman has produced a readable story, not the least agreeable feature of which is the demonstration that the patriotism of a bad man is as fine a quality as that of anyone else.

The Footsteps of a Throne. By Max Pemberton.
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. PEMBERTON possesses no small share of the courageous versatility which distinguishes the journeyman in letters. He has no hesitation in painting Frenchmen, Italians,

Russians, or English milords. In his latest novel we have an English milord, and perhaps the most beautiful Russian princess in the whole world. The former was an idler: "all that the East had to show he had seen." Such a sentence, which some may pass as a mere *façon de parler*, is nevertheless instructive. No writer of depth would say that anyone had seen "all that the East had to show."

Mr. Pemberton's princess (she is that in a double sense) will easily cause the average reader to believe in her existence. Her emotions are exhibited at a height where niceties of temperament are readily overlooked. She is spied on by a treacherous friend; she is loved by and loves a titled Englishman, and a libertine Russian officer desires her for himself. Given a whole story at 212 degrees Fahr., and the average reader is heated beyond the critical point.

One need not grudge the book its simple triumph; it is respectably written, clean and honest in sentiment, and its gentle efforts to be sinister increase our belief in its author's good nature. Nevertheless there is no harm in being educated, and so we suggest that whoever visits Moscow for the first time in Mr. Pemberton's pages should visit it again in those of Mr. Arthur Symons.

A King's Pawn. By Hamilton Drummond.
(Blackwood. 6s.)

THE shadow of the mighty Dumas falls over the venturesome novelist who endeavours to reproduce Henry of Navarre; and out of that shadow Mr. Drummond's narrative—founded on a bereaved Spanish mother's assiduous revengefulness—does not wholly emerge. We miss in his pages the subtlety of the king who was wary to the point of timorousness and gay to the verge of heroism—the king who had yet to win Ivry. Mr. Drummond's Béarnais is a fiery, but astute, adventurer, far from the intrigues of the Louvre, who dashes *incognito* into Spanish Navarre, and out again at the expense of one pawn, the squire of the supposed narrator. The devotion of this character carries with it a veritable thrill of romance. A hero of sixty-five is a novelty to be grateful for.

For the rest we have writing like this: "Up from the undulating slope of the broad valley, broad almost as a plain, was thrust a huge spur of rock. It was as if Nature in her travail flung up an arm to heaven, and, dying, held it there frozen into stone." Excellent; but such phrases would come better from Mr. Drummond himself than from a fighting survival of the sixteenth century. Mr. Drummond should note that his most convincing effect is obtained at pp. 100 *et seq.*, where an illustration is given of the seamiest side of the feudal system. After all, there is nothing like realism, and Mr. Drummond has it in him to be a romantic realist. Heaven speed him in that adventure; but he must first train his characters to talk less like a book.

John Charity: a Romance of Yesterday. Edited by Horace Annesley Vachell. (Murray. 6s.)

"YESTERDAY" is the later 'thirties, before Mexico had ceded Alta California to the United States. Mr. Vachell's hero, an emigrant to California, is made to tell his own story—an artistic mistake, we venture to think, but not one that affects the strenuous vitality of a well-written work. The chief point of interest is Charity's attachment for a Spanish girl, which is the cause of much plot and counterplot. Out of the hurly-burly, whose involutions grow a little wearisome to a critic who looks on at the wings of the theatre, she stands at the last apart, primitive, pathetic, lovable in her affection, heroism, and mistrust. "I had never understood," says Charity, "this daughter of another race, of another day, and she, alas! had never understood me." One suspects that, had this been a real

autobiography, the spirit of tragedy would have lent tone to the whole of the book, and that the hapless girl's love-letter would never have been printed.

The author seems to know his Californian Spaniards well: the Governor, the priest, the villain are interesting sketches. Of Don Narciso, the heroine's father, we read: "That he had offered his daughter in exchange for my loyalty seemed to the Don a halfpenny matter, but a slight to a guest curved his backbone into an abject bow." Poet's justice the story provides; and were it not that it was the poets who fastened Prometheus to his rock, we would rather term it devil's justice; but it is germane to the local colour, and it is indisputable that your Romanticist, if he desire to hold the attention, must not, on occasion, shirk the mention of catastrophes from which even a Realist might flinch.

The Filibusters. By Cutcliffe Hyne.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

In a double sense is this an "absorbing" romance: it absorbs the reader's interest and his conscience too. Mr. Hyne adds Sacaronda to the existing states of Central America, and sends his principal filibuster, General Briggs, against ludicrous odds to overturn the government, and establish himself in autocratic presidentship. There is not so much as the tail-end of a moral peeping out of the whole transaction, but it stirs the blood delightfully. That it all comes out of Mr. Hyne's clever head is clear from the resemblance between the characters when they condescend to be playful. When a ruffianly priest meets with verbal opposition, he remarks: "Well, we must hope for the best. We must bring pressure to bear. D'you know, Mr. Birch, we are famous for our, shall we say, pressure up here in the mountains?" When the same priest is cornered, one of his captors remarks: "There's something in the pocket of your cassock which spoils the hang of the cloth, and doesn't do your tailor justice. Permit me? A thousand thanks." And so on.

The frontispiece to the volume depicts the supposed narrator leaping from a precipice into a roaring torrent. Caus must have run in his family. But there is no quarrelling with the improbabilities of a narrative which has the great merit of being at once rapid and intelligible, witty and exciting. The love element is cleverly managed; in fine, with all its vagaries, the novel is a brilliant *tour de force*.

The Plunder Ship. By Headon Hill.
(Pearson. 6s.)

MR. HEADON HILL is among those who contribute to the mythical geography of the world. His contribution takes the form of an island containing "the most stupendous mass of gold that the heart of man could conceive," in the form of two gates "big enough for a walled city." Imagine a white sultan of this island and an Oriental hypnotist who keeps "his eyes in chains" by means of the "snaky glitter" of his own, and the particular claim of the volume on popular attention is obvious enough. The sardonic element is less liberal in Mr. Headon Hill's work than in Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's, the woodenness more obtrusive. In fact, it nearly always is obtrusive when a matter-of-fact nature seeks inspiration in dreamland. It is probable that our author could make a fraudulent company promoter and his tools more interesting by restricting the sphere of their operations to these deluded realms. But his bustling romance will no doubt be devoured by any schoolboy or schoolgirl into whose hands it falls. Such will find no heart to sneer at their Joanna when she cries: "Know, then, that I would rather toy with the deadliest serpent in the jungle than treat you otherwise than as the cast-off menial you will be as soon as Zohrab hears of this."

All Sorts.

In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford.
(Macmillan.)

MR. CRAWFORD possesses many qualities in which a maker of books must be proficient to achieve success. He has a story to tell, which is more than can be said of every novelist. He tells it excellently; more than this, his heroes and heroines are not merely immaculate, but they are ladies and gentlemen, of whatever period. And yet—and yet—in Mr. Crawford's work there is lacking the force, the conviction, the purpose which go to make a book immortal, which give a book even the semblance of immortality.

In the Palace of the King inevitably recalls some inferior drama acted by clever players. It does not move you. You watch, you listen, and occasionally you yawn—in the love-scenes. Don John of Austria, half-brother of King Philip of Spain, "the man who won glory by land and sea, who won back Granada a second time from the Moors, as bravely as his great-grandfather, Ferdinand, had won it, but less cruelly," is not real. Dolores de Mendoza, who "had the high features, the smooth, white throat, and the finely-modelled ears that were the outward signs of the lordly Gothic race," is not real. Hero and heroine alike, "young soldier" and "beautiful woman," say fine things in their day, act finely when occasion demands. But they leave you cold. Mendoza, the unbending Spanish father who takes the King's sin on his shoulders, who soils his lips to save the King from shame: Inez, Dolores' blind sister, live at times. Mr. Crawford is a close observer of the ways of the blind. He touches such points tenderly, subtilely, with a penetration that inspires a hope that the creator of Mr. Isaacs, and the heroine of a book no longer acknowledged—*To Leeward*—may yet be awakened from that lethargy which comes upon too many writers who "can command assured sales."

The artistic details we have touched upon redeem the whole; they do not make it wholly worthy. Mr. Crawford has done better work; he is capable of better work—sustained and virile. May he accomplish it!

A Sugar Princess. By Albert Ross.
(Chatto. 3s. 6d.)

"To see ourselves as others see us" is hardly so strong an aspiration as to see others as they are. Mr. Ross's story is founded on a morbid old gentleman's desire to test the sincerity of a young relative's affection. He allows it to be supposed that he is dead. But the hero is detected again and again in an honesty that is almost flagrant in its uncomfortable idealism. Virtue above a certain point is apt to evade envy by dulness, but of dulness Mr. Ross cannot be denounced the creator. One is tempted to ask why. The insolent toady of titled folk who represents the American mother in its pages is but a cliché, and the bursting optimism of the dénouement can only be likened to a Christmas pudding. But the pen that drives to such bliss is not that of a tired or disillusioned writer.

The daughter of the sugar millionaire who is nicknamed in the title is extremely unreticent, but she tempts us to an aphorism which should prove serviceable: "In the maidenly all things are maidenly."

The author has visited Hawaii, and his story includes pleasant descriptions of that colony and also of Japan. Respecting the latter country the following specimen of American humour will bear quotation. Mr. Lovejoy had mislaid the "Keating," and the ladies had had a bad night:

"I've got one bite as big as a Mexican dollar," put in Mrs. Young. . . . "A Mexican dollar is only worth forty-five cents in American money," remarked her son soothingly. "So you see it's not so bad as it seems."

Neither is the Obvious "as bad as it seems." Indeed, it can be quite pleasant.

The Flower of the Flock. By W. E. Norris.
(Nisbet & Co. 6s.)

MR. NORRIS is one of the little masters of his art; he never fails as greater and more ambitious writers often fail. He knows precisely what he wants to do, and he does it with a deftness, an assurance, and a humorous appreciation which give the reader a satisfaction very real, and, within its limits, very complete. In this book the story is nothing, the manner everything. The plot, such as it is, is of the kind to which even the word *threadbare* is not applicable; it is stereotyped, set up, apparently, for ever, to the hand of any craftsman. The rich American widow, the handsome, selfish, and delightful captain, worshipped by his family; the financial crash of the captain's father; the unselfish brother; the young girl, poor and attractive, who comes into £100,000 at a critical moment—all are here; even the impecunious and honourable peer is not wanting. Mr. Norris shifts them about, sets them to talk, as people do talk, succeeds in making you believe in them, and then, on the last page or two, leaves everybody perfectly happy. To do all this without giving a moment's weariness is an achievement within the reach of very few. Mr. Norris accomplishes it with perfect ease. He takes you into his confidence, not in the button-holing, rather in the smoke-room, manner, and while his story is in progress makes little illuminating side remarks which keep you in humorous touch with the narrator. You are assured that he knows his characters, and likes them, and is himself constantly amused by them. The attitude is infectious. They are alive, too, these people, except when Mr. Norris permits himself, for a moment, to be perfectly serious; then, we confess, there is a flash of palpable limelight. But Mr. Norris seldom permits himself to be quite serious; that is a convincing indication of his delightful art.

The Image-Breakers. By Gertrude Dix.
(William Heinemann. 6s.)

In this novel Miss Dix has somewhat more than fulfilled the promise of *The Girl from the Farm*. It is a book marked by much *finesse* and considerable distinction, and decidedly not without strength. We say this at the beginning because *The Image-Breakers* has left us with a sense of disappointment and of depression. Miss Dix has found her theme among advanced Socialists and Anarchists—those weird, earnest, and seemingly futile people who move darkly in the *coulisses* of Progress with a capital P. She has drawn her characters, on the whole, with skill; but she herself appears to be too close to them, and the consequence is that her book partakes of the littleness and the sterility of their weaker qualities. The acts and ideas of this small crowd of strange ones are not woven into any large design such as every novel should possess. One suspects that Miss Dix, midway in the book, wavered in her purpose, for at a certain point the tale changes from the record of a group to the simple love-story of Leslie Ardent, heroine. We must say here that Miss Dix names her characters badly. To call a girl of Leslie's temperament Ardent is a throw-back to a fashion in nomenclature which ought never to be resuscitated.

We ask ourselves at the end of this novel, upon which so much artistic feeling and technique have been expended: What does it mean? What is its purpose, its central idea? If it is meant to be "a page torn from life," we answer that the theory that a page torn from life will make a good novel is long since exploded. The objection to the book is, not that it depresses, but that it depresses in the wrong way. A novelist has the right to depress us, and some of the greatest novels (witness de Maupassant's *Une Vie*) are the most depressing. But he has not the right to depress us through inconclusiveness, petty futilities, and the notion that nobody is moving anywhere. If the business of the novelist is not to disclose the

"trend," the origin and goal of this part or that part of the "great mundane movement," we should like to know what is the business of the novelist. "Things" may be going to hell—or they may be going to heaven: so long as we know the destination, we can sit tight or wave banners, according to the case, *equo animo*. But the impression that "things," or any part of them, are fiddling about in space like a rabbit in a field is odious, and the novelist who gives it will arrive at naught. Locomotion: that is what, not being a sponge, the human race instinctively requires.

For the rest, *The Image-Breakers* contains some beautiful writing.

The Monk Wins. By Edward H. Cooper.
(Duckworth.)

The Monk Wins is rather better than our reminiscence of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*, which is not saying much. The atmosphere of the racing-stable does not please us any better in fiction than in real life. The heroine, Margaret Branksome, left heiress to a stud which includes a Derby winner, is rather foolish, rather rowdy, and rather common: altogether unsympathetic and a trifle unreal. Frank Neville, one of the two men she loves, is an unredeemed cad. "His talk is that of a rather inferior tout," said Douglas quietly, "and his manners are those of an affable bookmaker when he is in a good temper, and of a tipsy groom when he is in a bad one." "We do not like the sentimentality of the reconciliation between Frank and Margaret (who, after all, did not love him much) when he had been thoroughly exposed; and the heroism of his death is too much in the convention. Nevertheless, Mr. Cooper has vivacity, and he has observation. His interests are not limited by Newmarket, and we should like to try a novel by him on something else—Alpine climbing, for instance; or, say, children. His children are rather good. A little girl tells the gardener: "You mustn't say hollyockses, Caird; you must say hollyoxen"; and a little boy, promised twopence if he behaved perfectly for a whole week, and summoned at the end of that period to pass judgment on himself, thinks it over and candidly remarks: "Gimme a farden."

Haggith Shy: Quakeress. By Mark Ashton.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

The career of Haggith Shy begins quietly enough in a sober Quaker household: but a few chapters see it blossom forth into an extravaganza of melodramatic adventures. Impossibility follows hard upon impossibility, but we fully recognise that there are readers to whom, in their craving for excitement, impossibilities are no drawback. The blood of such will run cold at the ingenious cruelties of the villain, with his wife in England and his wife in France, and his complexion which at a critical moment "first turned lead colour, then saffron, and almost as rapidly settled into the whiteness of chalk." And their hearts will beat for the heroine who, dressed as a boy, lives and sees through it all, and finally emerges triumphant and happy, and a faithful member of the "Society of Friends." They may even enjoy the atmosphere created by a plentiful peppering of cheap French phrases over the chapters. But, Lord! what stuff!

Servants of Sin. By John Bloundelle-Burton.
(Methuen. 6s.)

"PLOT is no bad thing. A little vulgar and straining, perhaps, yet sufficiently interesting." So says Crébillon the dramatist in Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's quasi-historical fiction of the days of Louis Quinze's minority. The theme is the ignorant love of a ducal *roué* for his own daughter, and the vengeance which he took when, on what was to have been their wedding-day, he discovered that

she had married an Englishman. The case recalls the confession that Casanova makes in his memoirs, to the effect that he ignorantly fell in love with his own daughter, and not only gained her affections but was within an ace of marrying her. The lines of Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's plot all meet at Marseilles during the almost unexampled plague which raged there in the early part of the eighteenth century. There the hero "saw a great cauldron of boiling water, with a fire burning fiercely beneath it, and into this cauldron was plunged every coin that changed hands, pincers being used for the purpose."

The story justifies the saying attributed to Crébillon quoted at the beginning of this notice. The plot has human interest, and, if artificial, is at any rate not intricate. The plague-scenes are powerfully drawn; to use a disagreeable but expressive phrase, it is a "full-bodied" romance. The style is, perhaps, a little too rotund, and exhibits a partiality for invertebrate sentences. But take it for all in all *Servants of Sin* is a good, solid melodrama, instant in its appeal and satisfying in its climax.

The Web of Life. By Robert Herrick.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

"RIGHT or wrong, happiness! for if we make our happiness in this world, we know God. God lives upon our happiness." Here is the keynote of Mr. Herrick's strong story. Here is the principle that animates all the characters. The mind in which are reflected the phases and features of the struggle for happiness in Chicago is well chosen from the ranks of the profession that most of all is in touch with every class. The simple hedonism at the root of every life in these pages shows in some finer, in others grosser. In all there is an eagerness to seize every advantage that may be offered by personal interest or the self-interestedness of another. Miss Hitchcock was one of those rare creatures whose function it would seem to be to offer in their own characters and persons a justification, if such a thing might be, of the whole-souled race after wealth. "It was the right thing to be energetic, upright, respected; it was also nice to spend your money as others did. And it was very, very nice to have the money to spend." "Don't you think it was fine, though," she asks Sommers about R. Gordon Carson, "his making up his mind out there in Sioux Falls that what he wanted was pictures, and the best pictures, and that he'd have Sargent do his portrait?" Here is Carson's account of how the imaginary Sargent came into existence:

"I knew he was a hard customer," Sommers overheard him saying, "and I gave him all the rope he wanted. 'It may be two years before I do anything on your portrait, Mr. Carson,' he said.

"Take five," I told him.
"I shall charge five thousand."
"Make it ten," said I.
"I shall paint your ears."
"And the nose too."

"Well he sent it me inside of a year with his compliments. The fancy struck him, he wrote. It was easy to do; I was a good type, and all that. Well, there it is."

The great railway strike shows up the other side. There are the same selfishness and greed. In Dresser you have a picture of the mercenary agitator. "Bootlicker to the rich," he scornfully dubs Sommers; but does not blame him. "Perhaps," he indiscreetly adds, "if I had had your opportunities—." Precisely, it is "the pie" all the time. "You make me feel," says Sommers, "that the privileged classes are right in getting what they can out of fools—and knaves.

Meanwhile, in an outlying village a woman, thirsty like all the rest for happiness, supports, by the drudgery of elementary teaching, the loathed wreck of the husband she had never loved. The tragedy that ensued we leave to the readers of Mr. Herrick's pages, content if we have indicated the atmosphere in which his creatures very vitally move.

A Gentleman Player. By R. N. Stephens.
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. STEPHENS presents us with yet another romance of a State mission carried through, in the teeth of persistent and ingenious opposition, by the resource, the address, and the strong arm and flashing rapier of the hero. The ingredients are familiar, the mixing is fairly good, and if you are not critical you are not bored.

So much for the story. But in one respect *A Gentleman Player* differs from other romances of its class: it introduces Shakespeare—Mr. Shakespeare—as a character. And not only Shakespeare, but Burbage, and Ben Jonson, and the first performance of "Hamlet," and a long midnight talk at the Mermaid Tavern! "What things I have heard said at the Mermaid!" To find a novelist bold enough to make Shakespeare speak, is so uncommon (there was, however, a case last year in America), that we are tempted to quote a passage; especially as any attempt to recapture the old Mermaid raptures is to be prized:

"And we players," said Burbage, with a kind of sigh, "who make dead men remembered, are by the very nature of our craft doomed to be forgot. Who shall know our very names three or four hundred years hence?"

"Why," said Condell, "our names might live by the printing of them in the book of the plays we act in; a printed book will last you a long time."

"Not such books as these thievish printers make of our plays," said Sly, himself a writer of plays.

"Marry, I should not wish long life to their blundering, distorted version of any play I had a hand in making," said Shakespeare.

"But consider," said Condell, "were a decent printing made of all thy plays, Will, all in one book, from the true manuscripts we have at the theatre, and our names put in the book, Dick's name at the head, then ought not our names live for our having acted in thy plays?"

Mr. Burbage smiled amusedly, but said nothing, and Shakespeare answered:

"Twould be a dead kind of life for them, we think; buried in dusty, unsold volumes in the booksellers' shops in Paul's Churchyard."

"Nay, I would venture something," said Master Heminge, thoughtfully, "that a book of thy plays were sure to be opened."

Mr. Stephens, it appears, intended to put notes to his book verifying some of his statements. The purpose has been partially frustrated, for there are no notes, merely the numerals referring to them. The omission is to be regretted, because the reader will never have the excitement of learning how any further information can be given about this passage: "A March wind was following her [Queen Elizabeth] between the high hedgerows, disturbing two or three tiny twigs that had lain in the frozen path."

The Son of Man.

HUMANITY is God, expressed
In terms of Mind; though not in this
Period or that; but manifest
In endless metamorphosis.

In terms of Mind, that apprehends
Nothing unrelative; that knows
Beginnings only by their ends,
And by beginning learns the close;

Only by voidness feeling form,
Only by darkness seeing flame,
Only by silence hearing storm,
And measuring majesty by shame.

Theirs is the vision, who can see
Mind, like the hovering, heavenly Dove,
Brooding o'er deepest anarchy
And orbign laws of life and love.

F. B. MONEY-COUTTS

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

Mr. Zangwill's new book is a study of modern political life, dealing with problems similar to those which occupy the time of Statesmen to-day. Indeed, it is described in the advertisements as "a portrait gallery of modern types." It opens twenty years ago, before Imperialism had been invented. Part II. brings us to the present day. There is much witty dialogue, and some philosophy. (Heinemann. 6s.)

PECCAVI.

BY E. W. HORNUNG.

This novel has been proclaimed to the world as Mr. Hornung's "new departure," and his publisher, in a manifesto advertisement, announces that *Peccavi* "will be either a great success or a comparative failure." Which is the fate of most novels. Mr. Hornung's new departure is that he has forsaken the life he knows for the problem world. The hero of *Peccavi* is a clergyman who "sins," but, unlike the clergyman in *The Scarlet Letter*, he begins his expiation at once.

VANITY.

BY "RITA."

The lively "Rita" gives as a sub-title to this volume "The Confessions of a Court Modiste," and the story begins: "With grave doubt I regarded it—'Frou-Frou, Court Modiste.' That was all. My new sign. My new signature, ready to be affixed to my new premises in Bond-street." "Rita" has courage and her pen carries a sting. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

LOVE OF COMRADES.

BY FRANK MATTHEWS.

This is Mr. Matthews's sixth novel. It is a short romance, and might be described as a humble relation of *The Forest Lovers*. Each chapter heading except the first and last begins with the word "How," and the story is told in the first person by the daughter of Sir Pertinax Talbot. It begins: "Dressed as a man, I rode into the forest . . . Overhead the birds sang to one another, 'Come, look at little Margery Talbot, wearing big boots and a long sword at her side.'" (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

THE INNER SHRINE.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

A bright "woman's" story of modern life. Celia is the heroine. "Her brother's living was worth a hundred and fifty a year, and on this income he had to support his wife and child, her young sister, a servant, and himself." In the end someone says to Celia: "I think you must understand that I have loved you for a long time." Needless to say, they were married. (Harpers. 6s.)

AS A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

BY MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

A long, mystical, theosophical, occult story opening in a studio in Chelsea and ending thus: "Then may you pass together through those portals to the Higher Life of which you have not now the faintest comprehension. There may you join your strength in lifting those who follow upon your footsteps, and in leading them onward through the Gate of Love Eternal." Clearly Mrs. Praed has not this time sought the popular vote. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE WAY OUT.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

Mr. Burgin has here donned the Bret Harte cap—the good Bret Harte of old mining-camp days. The tale is of sentiment, "fun," tragedy and poker, and the characters answer to such names as Alkali Jack and English Bill. There is no reason why those who like Mr. Burgin's other stories should not like this. (Long. 6s.)

MORRISON'S MACHINE.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

A novel of north-country life, with love interest. The "machine" is the product of Morrison's brain, which his employer tries to secure. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

VILLA RUBEIN.

BY JOHN SINJOHN.

Walking along the river wall at Botzen, Edmund Dawney said to Alois Harz: "There's a family at Villa Rubein, that pink house—would you care to know them?" The story passes mainly abroad. Mr. Sinjohn has a clean, nervous style, and an eye for character. (Duckworth. 6s.)

A FOREST OFFICER.

BY MRS. FRANK PENNY.

A novel of action. Scene: India. Hero: Jim Burns, Forest Officer. In the eleventh line Mrs. Penny allows the phrase "the proverbial forty winks" to escape from her pen. Jim has an exciting, but what we should consider a horrid, time with the beasts of the jungle and the natives of the hillside. In the end Peggy makes Jim entirely happy. "You are just the girl for a forest officer's wife," said her friend Amy! (Methuen. 6s.)

LOVE IN A MIST.

BY OLIVE BIRRELL.

"Unluckily, many hours of solitude had given Lady Mary the trick of talking to herself." So it happened that Keith Hamilton, just returned from India after an absence of thirteen years, overheard her remark: "Not handsome, but distinguished looking." A readable tale of modern life. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE HAPPY LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH GODFREY.

By the author of *Poor Human Nature*. "There are two Master Harpers," says the author, "whose touch upon the strings has power to draw out the complex harmonies which make the music of life. . . . And the names of the two players are Love and Sorrow." A story of modern life—sentiment, music, society, and love. "Does this mean that you love me? If it does, put your arms round my neck and kiss me as you have never kissed me yet." He did. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"THE S. G."

BY JULIAN CROSKEY.

A paper-covered story of Legation-street during the Boxer rebellion, containing incidentally a character study of Sir Robert Hart under a thin disguise. In a note Mr. Croskey, who knows China well, refers to Sir Robert Hart as his former chief. Mr. Croskey is the author of a clever novel called *Max*, and also of an article in which he announced that, as he could not make a living out of literature, he had taken a situation in a saw-mill. But *S. G.* and the advertisement of *Celestial Shudders* (forthcoming) suggest that he has returned to the fold. (Lamley.)

We have also received: *Gwynett of Thornhaugh*, by F. W. Hayes, being the further adventures of *A Kent Squire*, with sixteen illustrations by the author (Hutchinson, 6s.); *Elmslie's Drag Net*, "by E. H. Strain, being certain notes made by him in the fishing village of Aberspendie" (Methuen, 6s.); *Let There Be Light!* by David Lubin, "the story of a working-man's club, its search for the causes of poverty and social inequality, its discussions, and its plan for the amelioration of existing evils" (Putnam's, 6s.); *The Spell of the Snow*, by C. Guise Mitford, an emotional love-story of the "Dear heart!" order (Pearson, 6s.); *Is There a Better Thing?* by Jeremiah Vaughan-Emmett. We like the consecutiveness of these chapter headings: "I. Where the Infinite is Touched Upon"; "II. Which from Flippancy becomes a Little Serious" (Sonnenschein, 6s.); *The Luck of Private Foster*, a romance of the Boer war, by A. St. John Adcock (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.); *A Napoleon of the Press*, by Marie Connor Leighton, which has a very recognisable hero (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.).

JARROLD & SONS' NEW LIST.

JUST PUBLISHED.

MAURUS JOKAI'S NEW NOVEL.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

Translated by R. NISBET BAIN. With a special Photogravure Portrait of Dr. Maurus Jókai, Author of "Black Diamonds," "A Hungarian Nabob," &c. 6s.

"The Day of Wrath" was written in the darkest hour of Maurus Jókai's life—when his beloved Hungary lay gagged and bleeding under the heel of Austria, and he himself little better than a proscribed rebel under police surveillance—and the outcome of it all was this lurid, terrible, but withal most thrilling story. In it we shall find some of the author's most original comic types, and many episodes of irresistible humour.

FIRST EDITION NOW READY.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

By MAURUS JÓKAI.

Author of "The Poor Plutocrats," "The Green Book," &c. 6s. With special Photogravure Portrait of Maurus Jókai.

BY A POPULAR HUNGARIAN AUTHOR.

ST. PETER'S UMBRELLA

By KÁLMÁN MIKSZÁTH.

With an Introduction by R. NISBET BAIN, a Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and Three Illustrations. 6s.

"A fantastic romance, his humour, his skill in the delineation of character, his large knowledge of the Slovak folklore make 'St. Peter's Umbrella' an unusually fascinating story. Throughout it is lively and amusing, and as the plot develops exciting, while the *dénouement* is both daring and original." —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

AN EXCITING HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF VIRGINIA.

VIVIAN OF VIRGINIA.

Being the Memoirs of our First Rebellion by John Vivian, of Middle Plantation, Virginia.

By HULBERT FULLER.

With 10 charming Illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. 6s.

FIRST REVIEW.

"How the rebellion arose, and the many exciting incidents that occurred, will be found admirably told. It is as charming as it is simple." —*Leeds Mercury*.

BY MARY H. NORRIS.

The Gray House of the Quarries.

By MARY H. NORRIS.

With Etched Frontispiece by Edmund H. Garrett. 6s.

"A chronicle of life among the Dutch-Americans. There are many beautiful and vivid descriptive passages. A tale human and tender and graced by literary art." —*Dundee Advertiser*.

MISS E. BOYD BAYLY'S NEW STORY.

HONOR GREENLEAF.

By Miss E. BOYD BAYLY.

Author of "Jonathan Merle," "Alfreda Holme," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, 3s. 6d.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

ON SEA AND PRAIRIE.

The Adventures of a Norfolk Carrier. Told by Himself

By CHARLES G. COLEMAN.

Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, 3s. 6d.

"The story literally leaps from one exciting incident to another, and is alive with human interest." —*Easter Daily Press*.

CURTIS YORKE'S NEW NOVEL.

CARPATIA KNOX.

Author of "Hush," "Dudley," "That Little Girl," "A Romance of Modern London," &c. 6s.

For several winters Curtis Yorke has resided in Spain, and this experience has been turned to account with the author's usual skill. Written in a brisk, fresh style, the story treats of an idyllic saunter through Northern Spain by a quartette composed of a delightful old lady, a girl, and two young men. The manners and customs of Asturias being faithfully and amusingly presented.

FERGUS HUME'S EXCITING NEW NOVEL.

A WOMAN'S BURDEN.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," &c. 6s.

BESIDES THE ABOVE LIST OF SIX-SHILLING NOVELS, several new Three-and-Sixpenny Novels and a large number of specially attractive books for Young People are in the press. A complete Illustrated Catalogue will be sent on receipt of a Post Card.

JARROLD & SONS, 10 and 11, Warwick Lane, E.C.

J. NISBET & CO'S LIST.

STUDIES BY THE WAY.

By the Rt. Hon. Sir EDWARD FRY, F.R.S., &c.

Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"There is not one of these lucid and yet profound essays that will not repay any cultured reader's perusal." —*Scotsman*.

"A volume of unusual interest and value." —*Globe*.

NON SEQUITUR.

By MRS. M. E. COLEBRIDGE, Author of "The King with Two Faces," &c.

Daintily bound, extra crown 8vo, 6s.

"It is hard in truth to render the due meed of praise to the delicate grace of phrasing, the large suggestiveness, and the happy choice of illustrative fact or quotation which make the reading of these sketches a joy." —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

FROISSART IN BRITAIN.

By HENRY NEWBOLT.

With 24 Full-Page Illustrations taken from Originals in the British Museum.

Large crown 8vo, 6s.

"A wholly delightful volume for boys of all ages." —*Daily Telegraph*.

NEW NOVELS.

THE JOURNAL OF A JEALOUS WOMAN.

By PERCY WHITE, Author of "The West End," &c.

Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

"Mr. White has caught delightfully and painlessly the spirit of courteous comedy in which modern tragedy is played." —*Daily Chronicle*.

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

By W. E. NORRIS. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

"An excellent story, very brightly and cleverly told." —*Scotsman*.

"Mr. Norris has given us a very clever, highly-finished study." —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A STRONG TEMPERANCE STORY.

WAGES.

By L. T. MEADE. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

"An impressive story, written with Mrs. Meade's well-known simplicity of style." —*Bookman*.

J. NISBET & CO., Ltd., 21, Berners Street, London, W.

ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW NOVELS.

In crown 8vo, bound in cloth, gilt lettered, with FRONTISPICE by the AUTHOR, price 6s.

SARONIA: a Romance of Ancient Ephesus.

By RICHARD SHORT.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

CHARLES WAVENDON, and OTHERS. By CARYL J. BLUNT.

"The story shows considerable literary ability. The author has collected an assembly of characters, and the tale is developed on original lines." —*Glasgow Herald*.

"It is obviously earnest, and is interesting enough to hold the reader throughout." —*Churchwoman*.

"A well-conceived story of life in the upper stratum of society some thirty years ago. The author possesses literary power." —*Church Bells*.

"We consider that such a manly and straightforward book cannot fail to do good." —*Leeds Mercury*.

In crown 8vo, cloth, gilt lettered, price 5s.

THE STRUGGLE for EMPIRE: a Story of the Year 2230. By ROBERT WILLIAM COLE.

"Mr. Cole possesses an unbounded and vigorous imagination, which carries his readers over all obstacles. His story is entertaining." —*Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

MALCOLM ROSS: a Romance. By ALEXANDER CRAIB, F.S.A.

"The scholarly author has given us in 'Malcolm Ross' a clever and very pleasant book, which will receive on its own undoubted merits a very hearty welcome. This very interesting work will enhance the high literary reputation Mr. Craib already enjoys." —*Banffshire Journal*.

"'Malcolm Ross' is a most delightful romance." —*Observer*.

"Very cordially recommended." —*Dundee Advertiser*.

NEW STORY FOR CHILDREN.

JACK and JEANNIE. By E. PERRY.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

"A very delightful story, pleasantly written, and very helpful for Temperance and Sunday-school workers. It would make a capital reward book, and is very suitable for the Sunday-school library." —*Methodist Sunday-school Record*.

"A pleasantly-written story, full of earnest purpose and practical instruction." —*Church Family Newspaper*.

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

GREENING & CO.'S**ANNOUNCEMENTS****For the Autumn Season, 1900.****"ENGLISH WRITERS OF TO-DAY" SERIES.****BRET HARTE.** A Treatise and a Tribute by T. EDGAR PEMBERTON, with a Portrait of Mr. Bret Harte, and a Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.**SWINBURNE.** A Study by Theodore Wratislaw, with a Portrait of Mr. A. C. Swinburne, and a Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.**RUDYARD KIPLING.** An Appreciation by G. F. MONKSHOOD. A New Edition, revised and brought up to date, with Portrait of Mr. Kipling, and a Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. [In preparation.]**MASTERPIECE LIBRARY.****THE EPICUBAN.** A Romance by Thomas Moore. Edited, with an Introduction, by JUSTIN HANNAFORD. Illustrated by Will Smart. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.*Other popular Romances are in preparation for this artistic Series, and will be duly announced.***GENERAL LITERATURE.****A VAGABOND in ASIA.** A Volume of Travel by EDMUND CANDLER, with Illustrations from Photographs. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.**A BOOK of the POSTER.** By W. S. Rogers, Profusely Illustrated with Examples of Poster Work by some famous Poster Artists of the day. 4to, cloth, 7s. 6d.**CAPT. MAYNE REID.** His Life and Adventures by his WIDOW and CHAS. COE, U.S.A., with Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.**NORTHERN LIGHTS and SHADOWS.** Stories of Eskimo Life. By R. G. TABER, with some Folk Lore Tales translated from the original Eskimo, and an Autograph Letter from the Marquis of Lorne reproduced in facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.**WOMAN.** A Scientific Study. Translated from the French, with an Introduction, by the Rev. T. A. SEED. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.**BALLADS of GHOSTLY SHIRES.** By George BARTRAM, Author of "The People of Clopton," "The Whiteheaded Boy," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.**VILLAGE LIFE and FEELING.** A Volume of Verse by the Rev. ROBERT ATTERTON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.**NEBO: the Merchant of Susa.** A Drama in Three Acts. By A. J. PERREIRA. Small 8vo, hand-made paper, art cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d. net.**FICTION.****THE MODERN ARGONAUTS.** A Novel by Eliza ORZESZKO (Author of "An Obscure Apostle"), translated from the original Polish by COUNT C. S. DE SOISSONS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.**A DETACHED PIRATE.** A Novel by Helen MILECETE (Author of "A Girl of the North"). Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.**FARTHEST SOUTH.** A Humorous Story of Adventures at the South Pole. By HAROLD E. GORST. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.**WHERE the ORANGES GROW.** A Humorous Novel by N. A. LEYKEN (the Russian Mark Twain). Translated from the original by COUNT C. S. DE SOISSONS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.**COMMITTED to his CHARGE.** A Colonial Romance by the Misses R. and K. M. LIZARS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.**THE TRAGEDY of a PEDIGREE.** An Interesting Story by HUGO AMES. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.**THE PRETTINESS of FOOLS.** A Realistic and Powerful Novel by EDGAR HEWITT. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.**HIS GRACE'S GRACE.** A Sporting Novel by the Author of "THE HYPOCRITE," "MISS MALEVOLENT," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.**A TRIP to PARADOXIA, and other Humours of the Hour.** By T. H. S. ESCOTT. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. [In preparation.]**THE AFTER-TASTE.** A Novel by Compton Reade, Author of "Hard Lines," "Under Which King," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.**Complete Catalogue post free on application.**

London: GREENING & CO., LIMITED, 20, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road.

The Best Value ever offered.**NEWNES' SIXPENNY SERIES**

OF

COPYRIGHT WORKS.**MARCELLA.** 312 pages. Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.**DEEDS that WON the EMPIRE.** 141 pages. W. H. FITCHETT ("VEDETTE").**STORIES from the DIARY of a DOCTOR.** 188 pages. L. T. MEADE and CLIFFORD HALIFAX.**ENGLAND'S PERIL.** 122 pages. WILLIAM LE QUEUX.**THE REPROACH of ANNESLEY.** 197 pages. MAXWELL GRAY.**THE SILENCE of DEAN MAITLAND.** 121 pages. MAXWELL GRAY.**ADVENTURES of SHERLOCK HOLMES.** 188 pages. A. CONAN DOYLE.**MEMOIRS of SHERLOCK HOLMES.** 167 pages. A. CONAN DOYLE.**THE SIGN of FOUR.** 124 pages. A. CONAN DOYLE.**THE EXPLOITS of BRIGADIER GERARD.** 124 pages. A. CONAN DOYLE.**THE IMPREGNABLE ROCK of HOLY SCRIPTURE.** 120 pages. Late W. E. GLADSTONE.**WHAT'S BRED in the BONE.** 186 pages. GRANT ALLEN.**JESS: a Story of the Last Boer War.** 192 pages. H. RIDER HAGGARD.**SHE: a History of Adventure** 190 pages. H. RIDER HAGGARD.**ROBERT ELSMERE.** 317 pages. Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.**THE HISTORY of DAVID GRIEVE.** 324 pages. Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.**DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES.** 126 pages. RUDYARD KIPLING.**SHIPS that PASS in the NIGHT.** 128 pages. BEATRICE HARRADEN.**A YANKEE BOY'S SUCCESS.** 124 pages. H. S. MORRISON.**FIGHTS for the FLAG.** 150 pages. W. H. FITCHETT.**THE HERB MOON.** JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.**PRICE 6d. EACH; POST FREE, 8d. EACH.**GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.,
or from the leading Booksellers and Newsagents.

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates for Yearly Subscriptions 20s. including postage.

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

The Yarning School.

THERE is one kind of novel that always justifies itself, and that is the glorified bedroom yarn. When it is fully glorified it is called *The Three Musketeers*; when it is imperfectly glorified, it is called *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. But in either case it is the schoolboys' bedroom yarn written out with more or less reference to the facts of life—or shall we say to the labels of life? The schoolboy faculty of beginning a story anywhere and continuing without art or insight, but with reckless invention, does not require a great deal of cultivation to issue in romances which will beguile a railway journey, or even form the stay-at-home pabulum of millions. Not that we under-rate the ease with which this yarning may be developed into an income of a thousand a year. We certainly do not under-rate the faculty itself—the innate genius for telling a story; that is a fine gift. As to its practice, we are aware that the yarn must be glorified by the light of such learning and science as the crowd possesses. But we are also aware that it is precisely the prevalence of shallow learning that multiplies novelists and ensures readers. On the whole, these are fat years for the yarners. Some of them must be doing uncommonly well: and we do not grudge them their success. There is Mr. Richard Marsh: he is prodigious. The tradition current in the receiving department of this office that he publishes a new novel every Tuesday is an exaggeration. We do not believe that, working at top pressure, Mr. Marsh writes one novel a month. But that he comes near to this figure seems to be indicated by the following list (possibly incomplete) of Mr. Marsh's productions in the last eight months:

March 3	<i>Marvels and Mysteries.</i>
May 5	<i>A Second Coming.</i>
June 9	<i>Ada Verham, Actress.</i>
September 1	<i>The Seen and the Unseen.</i>
October 13	<i>The Chase of the Ruby.</i>
November 1.....	<i>A Hero of Romance.</i>
Date (?).	<i>The Goddess: a Demon.</i>

That is pretty good for a year of unexampled depression in the book trade. Mr. Marsh has got into his stride and he throws off a story with an abandon—we might add, an abandonment—that is refreshing. Take his story *The Chase of the Ruby*. It was published, you observe, on October 13; therefore it opens in South Africa, where Guy Holland has a daylight vision, on the veldt, of the death of a rich uncle. He rushes home in time to hear the will read. And the will says that the whole of the dead man's property is to go to Guy "on condition that he recover from Mary Bewicke, the actress, whom he knows, my ruby signet-ring, which she obtained from me by a trick on the 27th of this last May. . . . In default, my whole estate, without any deduction whatever, to become the absolute property of my other nephew, Horace Burton." This delectable plot probably flashed on Mr. Marsh while his ticket was being punched on the top of a 'bus. But the reader's grasp of the issue is not too lightly assumed:

The reading was followed by silence, broken by a question from Mr. Holland.

"And pray what is the plain English of it all?"

"The will is plain English. You are to obtain a certain ring from a certain lady and deliver it to me within a certain time. If you do so you are your uncle's heir; if you do not Mr. Horace is."

Mr. Marsh is at once on terms with his readers; for him the rest is mechanics, and for them it is excitement. But this is only one type of yarn out of many that Mr. Marsh has studied. In *The Goddess: a Demon*, he relies on his sub-title to secure immediate attention to certain weird happenings in Imperial-mansions; particularly the goings on of "The Woman who Came Through the Window." The public who will accept the solution of this story will accept anything. It comes off in a house in Pimlico:

How exactly it all happened, even now I find it hard to say. As Lawrence sprang forward, the figure rose to its feet, and in an instant was alive. It opened its arms; from its finger-tips came knives. Stepping forward it gripped Lawrence with its steel-clad hands, with a grip from which there was no escaping. From every part of its frame gleaming blades had sprung; against this *cheval-de-frise* it pressed him again and again, twirling him round and round, moving him up and down, so that the weapons pierced and hacked back and front. Even from its eyes, mouth, and nostrils had sprung knives. It kept jerking its head backwards and forwards, so that it could stab with them at his face and head. And, all the while, from somewhere came the sound of a woman's laughter—that dreadful sound which I had heard in my dream. . . .

Presently it was still; its movements ceased; it became again inanimate. As if its lust for blood was glutted, it rolled over, lethargically, upon its side, leaving its hand-work exposed—a horrible spectacle. A grin—as it were a smile, born of repletion—was on the creature's face.

Later, the thing was torn to pieces; its anatomy laid bare. Examination showed that its construction had been diabolically ingenious.

This is scrumptious dormitory yarning; but is it anything else? Mr. Marsh, be it understood, has in no way presumed on his public. That we gather from an examination of other examples of the Yarning School's work. Mr. Guy Boothby's *A Prince of Swindlers* introduces the only kind of detective that has not yet been exploited. Need we say he is the millionaire detective, or, at all events, the detective who resides in a Park-lane mansion, and whose door is beset every day by a long line of carriages containing his wealthy clients? Up to a certain morning London had never heard the name of Klimo. He came to London (to detect) a complete stranger; and yet "within twenty-four hours the whole aspect of the case was changed. *The man, woman, or child who had not seen his posters or heard his name was counted an ignoramus unworthy of intercourse with human beings.*" The women doubtless wondered how Klimo would suit their complexions, and the men whether it had a free wheel; but princes, the nobility, and business men rushed with their losses and dirty linen to Belverton-street, Park-lane, next door to Porchester House. We give Mr. Boothby full credit for making Klimo the detective and Carne the swindler one and the same person, and next-door neighbours—with access to each other's houses through a secret door between the two mansions. After this it seems rather a descent to Mr. William Le Queux's Inspector Patterson, who, on finding two people murdered in a weird house at Brompton, refrains from reporting the fact because there is a snake crawling about the house, and he is superstitious about snakes. So he confides in a journalist, and together they go to the house of luxury and death, where a man and woman, forsaken by everyone, sit rigid corpses—the lady smiling in death and reclining upon cushions of yellow silk in a gown of pale mauve trimmed with lace, and the man stretched at her feet on a real Turkey carpet. But there is inspiration in the sudden ringing of a telephone bell in the house, and an unknown guilty voice inquiring from an unknown guilty retreat whether it was all over. That seals the reader's attention.

No account of the Yarning School would be complete without some reference to Mr. Fergus Hume, author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, *The Silent House in Pimlico*, *The Bishop's Secret*, *The Crimson Cryptogram*, "Etc., Etc., Etc." Among the "Etc., Etc., Etc." is *A Traitor in London*, a characteristic importation of the Boer into melodrama. The story ends with a skurry of blood and confusion near Spion Kop. Van Zwietaen, the traitor, calls with his last breath to his enemy Wilfred Burton: "Come near."

Quite unsuspicious Wilfred knelt down beside him. In an instant Van Zwietaen raised his revolver and shot him through the throat. He fell back with blood pouring from his mouth.

Van Zwietaen laughed. "Quits!" he said. Then he fell back dead.

But Wilfred himself has something on his mind, and he says it to Brenda:

"In my breast pocket—look yourself—packet—confusion. I shot Malet."

"You?—oh!" gasped Brenda. "Why?"

Wilfred Burton raised himself up with one last expiring effort. "For England!" he cried. "For England. God bless Eng—" Then he, too, fell back a corpse. Brenda fainted.

In this and several other recent yarns the Boer element is introduced as a new sauce; in Mr. Hume Nisbet's *For Right and England* we have a Boer setting and Kruger for villain. The story opens in a Transvaal chapel, where Mr. Kruger is preaching; and we read: "Imagine a criminal of the most brutal type, possessed of a purpose, and fired with undying, immovable, implacable faith in that purpose, and you have Kruger as he now faced his besotted congregation." Mr. Nisbet has told us in his preface: "This is a Holy War, and we speak without prejudice."

Mr. G. Manville Fenn is a writer of more dignity, and of more real skill, than any of those we have named; and we gather from the preface of his last story, *The Bag of Diamonds*, that he sets a very just valuation on the novel that is a glorified bedroom yarn. He says that his story is sent forth "with no pretension to being an analysis of life problems or physical intricacies, but as a simple attempt at the mysterious and marvellous." It is meant to beguile, and it beguiles. Mr. Fenn is most readable.

"Never mind now," said the policeman. "Set it down. Gentlemen, I've got a theory about this here."

He turned on his bull's-eye again, as he spoke.

"A theory," cried Capel impatiently.

"Yes, sir. You see that crooked knife thing?"

"Yes."

"And the mark of the bloody hand on the counterpane, where it's dragged?"

"Yes, we saw that."

"Well; has any one looked under the bed?"

"No."

"Then we shall find him there."

He stepped forward, and raised the heavy valance, directing the light beneath.

"There!" he exclaimed. "What did I say?"

Just here we had to change for Matlock Bath. We do not know whether Guy obtained the ring; what happened to the Goddess; whether Klimo or Carne was uppermost in the end; or what it was that the policeman found under the bed. But thousands know these things, and are satisfied. And it is because these readers are so many that we take note of the crude literary fare which is supplied to them so lavishly. Doubtless, year by year the schoolmaster establishes a higher taste, and the yarning novelist will be forced—by reference to his bank account—to satisfy it.

Things Seen.

The Home Coming.

At half-past one I found myself a prisoner in Park-lane. There was no escape. The thoroughfare was closed north and south by cordons of cavalry and police, the side streets were impassable, and the gates into the Park, where I had hoped to see the procession, were shut. The vast multitude inside the Park looked like prisoners of war, and as I was borne, like a swimmer on a wave, on the crowd that surged slowly down towards Piccadilly, I caught glimpses through the railings of the red plumes of the cavalry and the grey coats of the Volunteers. Fifty yards from Piccadilly the crowd which encompassed me staggered to a standstill. There I stood, a sea of heads in front of me, waiting patiently till the procession should pass. There for a long hour stood I, buffeted, tickled with peacocks' feathers, rained upon, comforting myself with the thought that I should at least see the heads of the mounted men, if there were any. Then they came, and with them came the sun, and also a hoarse voice crying at my elbow—"Ere you are, a lovely view of the 'heroes for a bob.'" I stepped upon the frail form, and saw them—saw their brown, laughing faces, and their young lithe figures passing swiftly with a lilt to the music. No emotional veterans these. They smiled, nodded: they wanted to break into a run, I am sure, like boys coming home from school. The bands played, the crowd cheered, handkerchiefs fluttered from windows, and on they went, file upon file, through the little lane that led to St. Paul's Cathedral. The cheers surged, and sank, and surged again, and then came the ambulance waggons carrying the wounded and sick. When the crowd realised what these waggons contained, for a moment the cheers stopped. The silence was more eloquent than the shouts. And then—clearly the ambulance waggons had run short, for at their tail came a char-à-banc, and that, too, was filled with invalids. On the box was seated a stout, middle-aged gentleman in a frock-coat and a shiny silk hat. He fascinated me. What was he doing in that galley? Did that frock-coat conceal the burly form of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, or was it Mr. Conan Doyle? Or did it garb the proprietor of the char-à-banc? I do not know. But I cannot rid him from my mind. When I tell my grandson of that delirious, muddled, chaotic day when the C.I.V. came home, I shall be equal to the occasion I hope, but the dominant incident in my memory will be that frock-coated figure, in the shiny silk hat, on the box of the char-à-banc.

Perhaps it was a stuffed figure after all—emblematic of the City.

The Drinker.

THE autumn sun shone warm on the deck of the Rhine steamer. I lunched—they called it dinner—on deck, and chatted with the brown-bearded man who showed a peep of blue ribbon in his button-hole. He was a Temperance Orator from Glasgow, and his face shone when he spoke of his trip through Germany. "Aye! aye! they drink here," he said, "but they dinna get foul. They ken what they can carry; but in Glasglie—. Here they utilise the gifts of the Lord cannily. Eh, mon, but it's fine." We fraternised; the hours slipped by, and at 7 o'clock we went below to dine. The cabin was empty, save for a German family party finishing their supper on one side of the saloon and an imposing figure on the other. He was a man of huge proportions, with a big, straggling face, and a fine tangled head of hair. Not a spiritual man; not entirely an attractive man, but certainly a man of interest, in spite of his gross habit of body. He had been drinking, so I learned later, all the afternoon. His record since noon had been four pint bottles of champagne, and he was now

swilling his fifth bottle of Rhine wine. These are facts—verified facts. The effect of the liquor was merely to make him expansive and genial. He leaned back on the plush seat, rolling to and fro in physical satisfaction, and out of sheer good fellowship compelling conversation with the shy German family sitting opposite. His deep voice, extolling with frank and appreciative gusto the climate and his countrymen, rolled round the cabin. He included the Temperance Orator and myself in his monologue of capacious optimism, and presently, having called for another bottle of Rhine wine, which he finished in two drafts, he rose, took off his hat with a fine air, and ascended, easily and steadily, to the deck. An hour later we, the Temperance Orator and I, also went on deck. At a table near the top of the cabin stairs, a bright swing-lamp above his head, sat the Drinker entertaining the few passengers with vivid descriptions of Rhine legends. His big loose face and his roaming eyes shone with intelligence, the tones of his deep voice had caught the mystery of his subject, and he was just finishing his second bottle of beer. We gazed. "He kens what he can carry," I said; "he uses the Lord's gifts cannily and slowly." The Temperance Orator shook his head sadly. "Maybe! The Lord's mills grind slowly, but they grind exceedin' sma'."

Tinkering a Language.

It is the constant complaint of French pro-consuls that when they go outside the charmed circle of the Mediterranean the only European language they hear spoken is English, and that at every port the natives address them in that tongue, and almost refuse to consider them as European because they cannot speak the language of sailors and merchants. Unwilling to ascribe this state of things to the superior colonising and travelling instinct of the English, many Frenchmen have turned round and denounced the difficulties of their own tongue as the cause of it all. Some feeling of this kind no doubt inspired the Minister of Public Instruction, who, in March, 1898, passed a Bill nominating a Commission to inquire into the eccentricities of the French language, and to recommend, if possible, such changes as would render the study of French easier for school children and foreigners. Last January the Commission, of which M. Gaston Paris was president, began their labours, and on July 31 the result of its inquiries was published by M. Georges Leygues, the Minister of Public Instruction.

Emile Rodhe, a Swedish professor, has published the text of this Circular, *La Nouvelle Réforme de l'Orthographie et de la Syntaxe Française* (Lund : Librairie Gleerup), with an introduction and a commentary, and complains, with reason, that the Commission has not been as clear and as authoritative as it should have been. It has contented itself with recommendations and with "allowing" certain changes, which do not in reality simplify matters a great deal. He concludes his introduction by remarking that he "hopes soon to see a version at once more simple and more complete, and one which above all will afford masters who have to teach French a surer and more logical guide." But turning to the text of the Circular we find that the Commission was charged to prepare a simplification of the French syntax taught in primary and secondary schools, but that it was given no power to make rules. Therefore it was most careful not to introduce any new rules; no one is obliged to agree to its suggestions or even to read them, except, of course, schoolmasters whose business it is to be up to date in all matters relating to the language. Therefore the Circular, and all that relates to it, is of necessity more or less nebulous and without authority. The Commission, however, discovered that French is an unnecessarily com-

plex language, for they put on record that those who read the elementary grammars are astonished at the number of "complications and subtleties" therein to be found. They therefore decided to do their best to suppress the absurd and irritating rules which encumber elementary education and which serve no useful purpose. Especially were they struck by the irregular plurals, the difficulties of genders, and the crimes of the past participle. Still they would do nothing but recommend, and summed up their labours in the phrase, "no additions, but a great many suppressions."

An appendix to the Circular gives the suggestions of the Commissioners, with examples. And at the very outset it is evident that the Commissioners have, by their recommendations, made confusion worse confounded. The Dictionary of the French Academy of a hundred years ago gives *aigle* as masculine when it means the bird, and feminine when, as in "Roman Eagles," it means a standard. The new suggestion is that *aigle* may be masculine or feminine just as you like. And so with other words. *Hymne* used to be *m.* a national anthem, and *f.* a sacred song. Now it is proposed to make it masculine or feminine indifferently. On this point M. Rodhe aptly remarks, that it would be much better to consider *hymne* as always masculine, for *cantique* or *chant d'église* is generally used for what we call a hymn. As for compound words, it cannot be said that the modifications of the Commission tend to simplicity, for these words are grouped by them into ten classes, and the outcome of it all seems to be that you may make your plurals as you like—which, after all, might have been expressed in many fewer words. Then with regard to past participles, a certain number of which are now invariable, the suggestion is that they should be declined at the will of the writer, which seems too much liberty, and a cause of confusion. The tendency should rather be to make more words invariable, and not to reintroduce the complications of gender. So far the recommendations have been merely unwieldy; now they become ungrammatical. On the question of the verb, the Commission says that in phrases such as "*Le général avec quelques officiers est sorti du camp*," the plural verb, *sont sortis*, may also be used. This, with all due deference, we hold to be a "howling grammatical"; and almost worse is "*Le chat ainsi que le tigre sont des carnivores, ou, est un carnivore*." It is not possible to conceive of anyone writing in English: "The general with some officers have quitted the camp," or, "The cat as well as the tiger are carnivorous beasts," and yet this is what the Commission proposes to allow in French. In this case it can hardly be said to have (in its own words) permitted nothing which can injure the French language.

But the past participle has always been the Asses' Bridge of the French student; and the Commissioners remark very sensibly that the rules on the subject grow more complicated every day, and that it is useless to persist in maintaining rules which are stumbling-blocks to learners and of no advantage to the language. Their suggestions are simple and to the point. They propose to make no change in the rules of the past participle after the verb *être*, but to allow the participle to remain invariable after the verb *avoir*—e.g., "*Les fleurs qu'elles ont cueilli, or cueillies*." This is a really useful and sensible reform, and indicates the lines on which similar alterations should be worked. The tendency should be towards simplification, and towards the doing away with all that is unnecessary in the language. But, after all, French can never be simplified as English, in the course of years and by natural selection, has been simplified. Its grace and beauty largely consist in those very points which present difficulties to the learner; and the Commissioners have realised this, for, instead of laying down rules, they have merely given "permissions." After all, French is a literary language, and no tinkering can make it one that will serve as the spoken tongue over the whole world and for every nationality.

3 November, 1900.

Correspondence.

The Disuse of "R" after Vowels.

SIR.—Mr. MacRitchie's letter in the ACADEMY of October 13 on "An Abuse of R"—namely, the abuse of the letters *ar* to represent the sound of *ah*—raises the much wider and more important question of the total loss of the sound of *r* in such words as *card, cared, curd, cord, shepherd*, as well as its transformation to a fleeting obscure vowel in *beard, board, and cured*. That this change has taken place in London and in a large part of southern England is undeniable. Dr. Sweet and many other southerners would write these words phonetically somewhat as follows: *Kaad, keed, kood, shepsd, bijod, bouod, kjwod*—all without any trace of *r*. But this is certainly not the prevalent pronunciation in any other part of the English-speaking world. Originally a mere Cockneyism, it has infected the educated classes of London and the South. Must the whole world follow? Ought they to follow? Need they follow? Will they follow? I think not. It would be a calamity to the language if they universally did so; and still more a calamity if part of them did so and the remainder did not. The right thing to do, in the interest of the language, is to condemn the dropping (or the insertion) of the *r* as severely as the dropping (or insertion) of the *h*. Thus, and thus only, can the unity of the language be preserved. The question of "refinement" is entirely one of convention. No sound whatever is either refined or vulgar in itself: it only becomes so through association with the talk of refined or vulgar people, and in its origin this practice was distinctly vulgar.

—I am, &c.,

R. J. LLOYD.

SIR.—May I suggest a correction of the statement made by Mr. Keane, in your last issue, as regards the organic character of the *t* in the French phrase *a-t-il?* It is true that the weakly accented form *habet* appeared as *at* in the eleventh century, but this final *t* is lost before the twelfth century, and does not reappear again until the fifteenth century. In confirmation of this we have the statement of Théodore de Bèze that one must pronounce *parle-t-il*, but write *parle-il*. The sixteenth century *t* is euphonious, and probably due to analogy with such phrases as *dit-il, sail-il*. In modern French the use of this *t* has been extended, and such a phrase as *voilà-t-il* is not unknown. The interrogative particle *ti* is daily gaining ground, and is a relic of seventeenth century popular speech—e.g., *suis-je-ti* for *suis-je*. (See Darmesteter, *De la Crédit actuelle des mots nouveaux*, page 4.)—I am, &c.,

PERCY G. THOMAS.

Rutherglen, West Derby, Liverpool.

" Dialling."

SIR.—In reviewing the new edition of Mrs. Gatty's *Book of Sundials* you seem to endorse an odd, but very intelligible, blunder. Robert Burns "was taught dialling along with mensuration by his village schoolmaster—a frequent practice with the better-class village schoolmaster of those days." Yes, but that had nothing to do with the making or adjusting of sundials, any more than with making clock-dials, mariners' compasses, or lapidary's dials—none of which industries were ever, surely, taught in village schools.

The "dialling" in question is simply a kind of surveying—surveying with a "miner's dial" or "miner's compass," specially used underground, as in coal pits. It has nothing in the world to do with sundials, as may well be believed! In Yorkshire I believe the art is vernacularly called "dallying," and the man who exercises it a "dallier." The miner's dial is essentially the same instrument as the "circumferentor" of the land surveyor.

D. P.

Another Version.

SIR.—The curious incident of the lady who accepted the picture and refused the frame is possibly a derivation from an actual occurrence of which the story runs more smoothly. Emerson with his daughter were visiting the studio of a painter whom I knew very well in Rome, the late Rollin Tilton, and Tilton offered to Miss Emerson, who accompanied her father, a sketch in its frame. She kept the sketch but sent back the frame, saying that she could not accept a gift of such value.

The allusion to Lowell's visit to Rome in your last issue leads me to offer an explanation of the silence of Lowell at that time on the death of his only son, who is buried in the Protestant cemetery there. It was a terrible blow to Lowell, and for many years it saddened him. He had in his study when I first knew him a little shrine arranged with relics of little Walter, and in one of his letters to me, written from Dresden just before assuming the Professorship at Harvard, he says that he is going to Rome and will "see the grave of little Walter."—I am, &c.,

W. J. STILLMAN.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 58 (New Series).

LAST week we asked our readers for the titles of the twelve best novels published this year, a prize of One Guinea to go to the sender of the list most nearly approximating to the plébiscite list. The result of the plébiscite is given in our Fiction Supplement, but we repeat it here:

TITLE.	NUMBER OF VOTES.
<i>Quisante</i>	44
<i>Tommy and Grizel</i>	41
<i>Robert Orange</i>	41
<i>The Isle of Unrest</i>	33
<i>The Farringdons</i>	29
<i>The Increasing Purpose</i>	29
<i>A Master of Craft</i>	25
<i>Senator North</i>	23
<i>Sons of the Morning</i>	21
<i>The Gateless Barrier</i>	20
<i>The Master Christian</i>	19
<i>Sophia</i>	19

The list most nearly resembling the above has been sent by R. W. Fairmead, Worcester Road, Sutton, Surrey—who names ten out of the twelve novels given above. If the owner of these initials will kindly send us her full name a cheque for One Guinea shall be sent. R. W.'s list is as follows:

<i>The Farringdons.</i>	<i>The Isle of Unrest.</i>
<i>The Master Christian.</i>	<i>The Gateless Barrier.</i>
<i>Robert Orange.</i>	<i>Sophia.</i>
<i>Quisante.</i>	<i>Sons of the Morning.</i>
<i>A Master of Craft.</i>	<i>The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.</i>
<i>Tommy and Grizel.</i>	<i>Love and Mr. Lewisham.</i>

Competition No. 59 (New Series).

A contributor sends us some "Literary Truths." Here are three:

Poetry is practised on old envelopes, and published in art linen. Genius is in the depths, and cleverness the shallows, of the Olympian stream. Sheridan's genius, however, was a good deal on the Surface.

It is better to be startlingly staid than staidly startling. There is nothing so mild as an ineffective sensation.

We should not in the ordinary way accept these *scintillæ*. Our readers can do better; and we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best triplet of "Literary Truths."

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.", must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, November 7. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

**MR. JOHN LONG'S
AUTUMN LIST.**

THE NEWEST FICTION.

In crown 8vo. Special Cover Designs, price 6s. each.

**The Realization of
Justus Moran.**

By FREDERIC CARREL, Author of "The Adventures of John Johns," "The Progress of Pauline Kessler," &c. SECOND EDITION.

Men of Marlowe's.

By Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY, Author of "The Maternity of Harriett Wicken," "Folly Corner," &c. SECOND EDITION.

A Traitor in London.

By FERGUS HUME, Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," &c. [Ready.]

**The Luck of a
Lowland Laddie.**

By MAY CROMMELIN, Author of "Kinsah," "Bettina," &c. [Ready.]

I'd Crowns Resign.

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN, Author of "Pursued by the Law," &c. [Ready.]

The Way Out.

By G. B. BURGIN, Author of "The Bread of Tears," &c. [Ready.]

**The Malice of
Grace Wentworth.**

By R. H. HEPPENSTALL. [Ready.]

**Yolande the
Parisienne.**

By LUCAS CLEEVE (Mrs. HOWARD KINGSCOTT), Author of "Lazarus," "The World's Blackmail," &c. [Ready.]

Straight Shoes.

By G. G. CHATTERTON, Author of "The Sport of Circumstance," "The Angel of Chance," &c. [Ready.]

The Strength of Straw

By ESME STUART, Author of "Sent to Coventry," "In the Dark," &c. [Immediately.]

The Ivory Bride.

By THOMAS PINKERTON, Author of "Dead Oppressors," &c. [Immediately.]

Jean Keir of Craignell

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Miss Nanse," "Logan's Loyalty," &c. [Immediately.]

Friendship and Folly.

By MARIA LOUISE POOL, the well-known American Writer, Author of "In a Dike Shanty," "Boss," &c. [Immediately.]

London :
JOHN LONG, 6, Chandos Street, Strand.

FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS.

FOURTH EDITION. Price 1s.; post free, 1s. 1d.

ANAGRAMS.

BY SOME MINOR POETS.

"Now that the winter is upon us, when amusement must be found around the fireside, the person who can suggest something new in the way of a game is always a prime favourite. 'Some Minor Poets,' who have produced a little book called 'Anagrams,' should earn much goodwill during the coming months." —*London Letter*, November 24th, 1900.

Price 1s.; post free, 1s. 1d.

MORE ANAGRAMS.

BY SOME MINOR POETS.

"Puzzle-lovers will find some excellent work for their brains in this admirable collection." —*World*. "The ingenious authors of 'Anagrams' and 'More Anagrams' have already gained a good deal of attention." —*Morning Post*.

"Equally well suited for a fireside party, a sick-room, or a solitary journey." —*Public Opinion*.

[SPECIMENS.]

Behind the bar she used to wait
To —— the glasses at "The Crown";
Now —— from her low estate
With —— voice she charms the town;
Or else, escorted by her beau,
Handles the —— in Rotten Row.

ANSWERS: *Rings, risen, siren, reines*.

Beneath the —— which shade the lawn
Her two-wheeled steed she mounted,
And with a ——, ere she had gone
One hour, ten —— she counted!
It rained, it snowed, but nought could stop her
Till in the —— she came a cropper.

ANSWERS: *Limes, ? ? ?*

Our minister —— every man who has leisure
To study —— glass, beyond all other fancies,
For —— of devoting his income to pleasure,
Our —— old dean spent his money on *panses*.

ANSWERS: *Leaves, ? ? ?*

London : SPOTTISWOODE & CO.,
5, New Street Square, E.C.

**F. V. WHITE & CO.'S
LIST.**

Now ready.—In Illustrated Cover, price 1s.

Sixteenth Year of Publication.

WINTER'S ANNUAL,

ENTITLED

She Was Called Noel.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER,
Author of "Boots' Baby."

SEVEN POPULAR NOVELS.

Price 6s. each.

A SELF-MADE COUNTESS.

(Fourth Edition.) JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

IN WHITE RAIMENT.

(Second Edition.) WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

HUME NISBET.

THE JUSTICE of REVENGE.

GEORGE GRIFFITH.

DAUNAY'S TOWER.

ADELINE SERGEANT.

THE WORLD'S BLACKMAIL.

LUCAS CLEEVE.

THE LOVE of TWO WOMEN.

JOHN JONES.

F. V. WHITE & CO.,
14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

No. 285.—NOVEMBER, 1900.

CABINET GOVERNMENT or DEPARTMENTALISM? By J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

LESSONS of the WAR.—(1) "PLACE the WAR OFFICE in COMMISSION." By the Right Hon. LORD THRING.

(2) SUGGESTIONS from the FRONT. By Lieut.-Colonel CHARLES A. COURT.

(3) OUR RELATED BATTLESHIPS. By ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

THE RELIGIONS of CHINA. (Concluded.) III. Buddhism and Christianity. By the Right Hon. Professor MAX MÜLLER.

THE LAKE-DWELLERS. By the Rev. DR. JESOPP.

EXTRAVAGANCE in DRESS. By LADY GUENDOLEN RAMSDEN.

VOICE CULTURE. By Mrs. WALTER CHYEKE.

FRENCH CANADA and the EMPIRE. By J. G. SNEAD COX.

THE VAN ECKS. By W. H. JAMES WEALE.

ELECTIONEERING WOMEN—AN AMERICAN APPRECIATION. By ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

THE CRADLE of the HUMAN RACE. By SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

ARMY MANOEUVRES in FRANCE. By H. SOMERS SOMERSET.

THE CASUALTIES of WAR and of INDUSTRY. By F. HARcourt KITCHIN.

THE VULGARISING of OBERAMMERGAU. By L. C. MORANT.

THE GAEL and his HERITAGE. By FIONA MACLEOD.

THE NEWSPAPERS. By SIR WENYSS REID.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM ASSOCIATION—LIST of MEMBERS.

London : SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.

**An American Transport
in the Crimean War.**

By Capt. CODMAN.

In this work Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the Crimean War..... The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare.

Frontispiece. 198 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

London :
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 1021.—NOVEMBER, 1900.—2s. 6d.

ARMY REORGANISATION: THE HOME ARMY.—DOOM CASTLE: A ROMANCE. By NEIL MUNRO.—AN AUTUMN DAY'S SPORT NEAR PEKING.—BRIGHTEN'S SISTER-IN-LAW. By HENRY LAWSON.—OUR SOLDIERS. By "LINESMAN."—LORD JIM. By JOSEPH CONRAD. CONCLUSION.—THE CINQUE PORTS.—THE RIVAL "FOREIGN DEVILS." By COL. H. KNOLLYS.—A BUDGET OF NEW BOOKS.—WAR OPERATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD: THE VANITY of the ENLIGHTENED CITIZEN.—THE HAPPY FAILURE of REFORM—HOW TO WRITE for the MAGAZINES.—ON THE MOVE WITH BULLER.—AFTER the ANNEXATION.—THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

3 November, 1900.

SOUTH AFRICA.—CLASSES in ZULU
and TAAL (Cape Dutch) every SATURDAY, at
4, SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER. SWAHILI, &c., by
arrangement.—Apply Miss A. Werner, 20, Dry Hill Park
Road, Tonbridge.

GOVERNESSES for PRIVATE FAMILIES
—MISS LOUISA BROUGH can RECOMMEND several
highly-qualified English and Foreign Governesses for Resident
and Daily Engagements.—CENTRAL REGISTRY FOR TEACHERS,
23, Craven Street, Charing Cross, W.C.

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately
done. 1d. per 1,000 words. Samples and references.
Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss MESSER, 18, Mortimer Crescent,
N.W.

TYPE-WRITER.—AUTHORS' MSS.
COPIED with accuracy and despatch. Carbon Dupli-
cates. Circulars. Examination Papers, &c.—Miss E. TIGAR, 23,
Maitland Park Villas, Haverstock Hill, N.W.—Established 1884.

ATALOGUES.

**TO BOOKBUYERS and LIBRARIANS of
FREE LIBRARIES.—THE NOVEMBER CATALOGUES
of Valuable SECOND-HAND WORKS and NEW RE-
MAINDERS, offered at prices greatly reduced, are now
Ready, and will be sent post free upon application to W. H.
SMITH & SON, Library Department, 186, Strand, London, W.C.**

**WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS,**
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 20, South Frederick St.
Edinburgh, and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.
CATALOGUES post free on application.

**BAEDEKER'S & BADDELEY'S
TOURISTS' GUIDE BOOKS.**
New fully detailed CATALOGUE sent post free on application.

DULAU & CO., 37, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

**TABOOED SCIENTIFIC WORKS.—The
Manager of the University Press, Limited, begs to
inform the Medical Profession, Clergy, and Teachers that
the Scientific Works published in a recent trial and before
order of Dr. Hesketh Ellis's "STUDIES IN
the PSYCHOLOGY of SEX," Professor Kraft-Ebing's "
PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS," Dr. Ch. Févès's "
SEXUAL INSTINCT," and G. Morinier's "CHAPTERS ON
HUMAN LOVE" in the future, cannot be stocked by Book-
sellers in Great Britain, and will only be supplied direct from
Leipzig and Paris.—The University Press, Limited, 2, Broad
Street Buildings, London, E.C.**

**BOOKS WANTED.—Gardiner's History, 2
vols., 1863—Roman B., 2 vols., 1867—Jesus's Richard III.,
1868—Lord Dunsany's 3 vols.—Illustration Copies of Brontë,
Dickens, Thackeray, and any notable Authors. Rare Books ad-
vised. State wants.—BAKER'S Great Bookshop, Birmingham.**

**LITERARY RESEARCH.—A Gentleman,
experienced in Literary Work, and who has access to the
British Museum Reading Room, is open to arrange with the
Author, or in some person requiring such services, for
Research, or in some particular branch of Literary Re-
search, through the French Translations
undertaken from French, Italian, or Spanish.—Apply, by
letter, to D. C. DALLAS, 151, Strand, London, W.C.**

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK!

6s., claret roan, gilt, Illustrated.

London in the Time of the Diamond Jubilee.

London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Llangollen: Darlington & Co.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S. Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.
Fcap. Svo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE of LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING, A. W. KINGLAKE, and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST. THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.
THE NORFOLK BROADS. THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
BRECON and its BEACONS. THE WYE VALLEY.
ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW. THE SEVERN VALLEY.
BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.
BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.
LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR.
LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON.
ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLLETH, and ABERDOVEY.
CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, & FESTINIOG.
BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and PWLLHELI.
MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, and CHELTENHAM.
LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the leading hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes!"—*The Times*.
"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 5s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.
With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & CO., LTD., The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.

WELSH INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION
ACT, 1880.

CENTRAL WELSH BOARD.

APPOINTMENT OF EXAMINERS.

The Executive Committee of the Board will shortly proceed to the APPOINTMENT of an EXAMINER in each of the following Departments—namely:—

1. ENGLISH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.
2. LATIN.
3. MECHANICS and PHYSICS.
4. BOTANY and PHYSIOLOGY.

Further particulars relating to the appointments may be obtained from the undersigned not later than the 6th day November, 1900.

OWEN OWEN,
Central Welsh Board,
Cardiff, October 22nd, 1900.

Chief Inspector.

UNIVERSITY of ABERDEEN.

WILSON TRAVELLING FELLOWSHIP.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCH.

This Fellowship is now vacant, and the Wilson Trustees are prepared to receive APPLICATIONS for the appointment. Applications must be made to the University of Aberdeen. The applicants are required to indicate the character of the work intended to be prosecuted, and to sketch the plan of travel and study whereby the work is to be carried out. The Fellowship is of the annual value of £200, and the Fellow will be elected for a period of two years, commencing at 15th March, 1901.

Further information may be had from Professor RAMSAY, 11, College Bounds, Aberdeen, or from A. MARTINEAU, Advocate, 16, Bridge Street, Aberdeen, with whom applications should be lodged.

Aberdeen, 23rd October, 1900.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

UNIVERSITY of SYDNEY.

PROFESSORSHIP OF GREEK.

APPLICATIONS are invited from Gentlemen qualified to fill the CHAIR of GREEK.

Salary £900 per annum. Pension of £400 per annum under certain conditions after twenty years' service. £100 allowed for removal expenses. Duration of Ten Years.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Acting-General for New South Wales, 9, Victoria Street, London, S.W., to whom applications, stating applicant's age and qualifications, and accompanied by four copies of testimonies submitted, should be sent not later than 30th November, 1900.

HENRY COPELAND,
Agent-General for New South Wales.

13th October, 1900.
LIVERPOOL LIBRARY LYCEUM
Established 1784.

The Committee require the services of a LIBRARIAN, who must be a man of good education and well versed in the administrative work of a Library. Salary £200.—Applications, marked "Librarian," to be sent in on or before November 8th, to Colonel JAMES GOFFY, V.D., 24, Chapel Street, Liverpool.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY

(LIMITED).

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of
all the BEST
ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA
per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books
at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS
per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUB-
SCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms.
Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis
and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

Now Offered at
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)
Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in
TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SUR-
PLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria
Street, E.C., LONDON;
And at Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS

2% on the minimum monthly balances, 2%.

2½% on Deposits, repayable on demand, 2½%.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for Customers.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post
free.

FRANCIS RAVENScroft, Manager.
Telephone, No. 5, Holborn.
Telegraphic Address, "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

SELECTIONS FROM

ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD'S PUBLICATIONS.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 5s. each, post free.

THE BEATITUDES, and other Sermons.

An excellent exposition of the Beatitudes....full
of thought and knowledge and power." British Weekly.

CHRIST'S "MUSTS," and other Sermons.

"Felicitous exposition, rugged, intense eloquence,
and beautiful illustration." Word and Work.

THE UNCHANGING CHRIST, and other Sermons.

"Distinguished by the finest scholarship and most
exquisite literary finish." Christian Leader.

THE GOD of the AMEN, and other Sermons.

"The several sermons contained in this volume are
replete with a keen spiritual insight, combined with
an aptness of illustration and beauty of diction which
cannot fail to both impress and charm the reader." Methodist Times.

THE HOLY OF HOLIES. A Series of Sermons on the 14th, 15th, and 16th Chapters of the Gospel by John.

"No British preacher has unfolded this portion of Scripture in a more scholarly style." North British Daily Mail.

ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, LIMITED,
21 & 22, Furnival Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

**THE STORY OF
FLORENCE.**

By EDMUND G. GARDNER.

(Forming a Volume in the Medieval Town Series.)

With Illustrations by NELLY ERICHSEN, and a Map. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

Spectator.—"This delightful volume.....We recall few, if any, works of a similar kind which contrive to display so completely a picture of a historic city—its history, politics, art, literature, and its spiritual life."

Outlook.—"An achievement in publishing. A charming gift-book."

MR. CANTON'S NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK.

THE TRUE ANNALS OF FAIRYLAND.

Edited by WILLIAM CANTON—PART THE FIRST.

THE REIGN OF KING HERLA.

With Frontispiece and Title-Page in Colours, and about 150 Illustrations by CHARLES ROBINSON. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 4s. 6d. net.

Westminster Budget.—"In every way the prettiest and best book of fairy stories which I have seen for a long time."

An Illustrated Catalogue will be sent on application.

J. M. DENT & CO., 29 and 30, Bedford Street, W.C.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.—8vo, 18s.

**THE HISTORY of EDWARD the THIRD
(1327—1377).**

By JAMES MACKINNON, Ph.D.,

Lecturer on History in the University of St. Andrews; Author of "The Union of England and Scotland," &c.

Mr. G. M. TREVELyan, in the *Speaker*.—"The book is faithful and honourable, based on a scholarly and genuine comparison of the authorities which the author has patiently consulted."

Scottish Review.—"His description of Edward's retreat beyond the Somme, and the battle of Cracy, has seldom been surpassed. The same may be said of his account of the last days of Jacques d'Artevile. Or take his account of Edward's dealings with his Parliaments, or of the conduct of the Archbishop of Canterbury. They are as luminous as the battle-pieces."

Saturday Review.—"The work is in many ways a very praiseworthy contribution to the history of a most complex century, and a most striking personality....He is certainly often graphic and picturesque in his treatment of incidents both great and small. His care in details has more than once enabled him to correct the errors of his predecessors, and even those of his ultimate authorities."

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

**THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE
(1250—1900).**

Chosen and Edited by A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

Crown 8vo, top edge gilt, 7s. 6d.; extra fcap. 8vo, Oxford India Paper, 10s. 6d.

London: HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press Warehouse, E.C.

**MUDIE'S LIBRARY
(LIMITED).**

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 3 Months, 6 Months, and 12 Months
CAN BE ENTERED AT ANY DATE.

THE BEST and MOST POPULAR BOOKS of the SEASON
ARE NOW IN CIRCULATION.

Prospectuses of Terms free on application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT.

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always ON SALE
(Second-hand). Also a large Selection of

BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS
SUITABLE FOR

BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria Street,
E.C., LONDON;
And at 10 to 12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

Smith, Elder & Co.'s New Books.

**Mrs. Humphry Ward's
NEW NOVEL
NOTICE.**

**The SECOND IMPRESSION of
ELEANOR,**

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD,
is nearly exhausted. A THIRD
IMPRESSION will be ready im-
mediately. With Illustrations by
Albert Stern. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.—"Eleanor is worthy of its dedication. As its author's artistic masterpiece....Few English novels of note are so signalized free from redundancies as this; and in yet fewer has a story of deep human interest been so lightly at once and so firmly, if we may use the expression, built up out of itself. This time, at least, Mrs. Ward has found a theme which she has been able to treat, from first to last, harmoniously and without swervings into the thicket, and which she has brought to a tragic close without a harsh or cruel dissonance....The spell which Mrs. Humphry has cast over more than a decade of contemporary thought and feeling will not be broken up by this nobly conceived and brilliantly executed work."

LITERATURE.—"Eleanor," the new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward, seems to us her most masterly and most mature production....The story moves throughout in a high range of emotion, never out of touch with ideas, never commonplace. Sorrowful though it be, it is not depressing or pessimistic, and in the dignified pathos of its end the highly wrought sympathies of the reader sink naturally to repose."

THE REMINISCENCES OF THE FIRST PREMIER OF NATAL.

On NOVEMBER 15th. Large crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

A LIFETIME IN SOUTH AFRICA:

Being the Recollections of the First Premier of Natal.

By the Hon. Sir JOHN ROBINSON, K.C.M.G.,
Author of "George Linton," "The Colonies and the Century," &c.

**MR. CONAN DOYLE'S "THE GREAT BOER WAR."
NOTICE.**

A THIRD IMPRESSION of
THE

GREAT BOER WAR

by A. CONAN DOYLE, is now ready, and
a FOURTH IMPRESSION is in the press.
With Maps, large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

DAILY NEWS.—"This sketch of the war is a masterly performance. It is hardly possible to overpraise it....The experience, the artistic sense, and the creative powers of a great writer are seen in the achievement."

MORNING POST.—"A brilliant piece of work; a true story told with masterly effect and conscientious mastery of detail."

GRAPHIC.—"To Dr. Conan Doyle must be given the credit of having produced by far the best and most comprehensive book on the South African War which has yet appeared....It is unnecessary to say that the book is vigorously written."

NEW NOVEL BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

On NOVEMBER 15. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A DAUGHTER OF THE FIELDS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN,
AUTHOR OF "THE DEAR IRISH GIRL," "SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY," &c.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

A. & C. BLACK'S LIST

NOW READY.—Crown 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d. net.
THE ASCENSION OF ISAIAH.

Texts, Translations, and Commentary.
By R. H. CHARLES, D.D., Professor of Biblical Greek, Trinity College, Dublin, Author of "The Assumption of Moses," "The Apocalypse of Baruch," &c.

"Dr. Charles has laid scholars under an additional obligation by this edition."—*The Scotsman*.
"Its most striking features are the introduction, which abounds in learning and acute criticism, the Latin translation of the Slavonic version which has hitherto been a sealed book except to a few specialists, and the papyrus fragment containing about a sixth of the original Greek text."—*Christian World*.

READY SHORTLY.—Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s. net.
CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE ESSAYS.

Edited by Rev. A. G. B. ATKINSON, M.A., with an Introduction by the Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD, and contributions by Prof. Auguste Sabatier, the Very Rev. the Dean of Ripon, the Rev. Canon Barnett, the Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., the Rev. R. E. Bartlett, M.A., the Rev. Brooke Lambert, M.A., the Rev. Agar Beet, D.D., F. Reginald Statham, the Rev. Prof. G. Henslow, M.A., the Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A.

NOW READY.

In 2 vols., square demy 8vo, cloth, price £2 2s. net.

THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC: Its Rise, its Growth, and its Fall, 421-1797.

By W. CAREW HAZLITT.

"Mr. Hazlitt has devoted vast industry and no inconsiderable learning to it."—*Academy*.

A TREATISE ON ZOOLOGY.

By E. RAY LANKESTER, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Hon. Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford; Director of the Natural History Departments of the British Museum; Fullerian Professor of Physiology and Comparative Anatomy in the Royal Institution of London. Profusely Illustrated. To be completed in Ten Parts.—NOW READY. **Part II. THE PORIFERA and COELENTERA.** By E. A. MINCHIN, M.A., G. H. FOWLER, B.A., Ph.D., and GILBERT C. BOURNE, M.A. **Part III. THE ECHINODERMA.** By F. A. BATHER, M.A., assisted by J. W. GREGORY, D.Sc., and E. S. GOODRICH, M.A. Demy 8vo, paper covers, price 12s. 6d. net each; cloth, price 15s. net each.

"It is quite indispensable to the student of zoology."

Daily Chronicle,

NOW READY.

In 1 vol., large crown 8vo, containing 161 Illustrations, price 7s. 6d. net.

STUDIES IN FOSSIL BOTANY.

By DUKINFIELD HENRY SCOTT, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., Honorary Keeper of the Jodrell Laboratory, Royal Gardens, Kew; Author of "An Introduction to Structural Botany."

"The book before us is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.... One which no student of botany can afford to disregard, and its characteristics may be briefly epitomised as severe accuracy, coupled with clearness of description."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

NOW READY.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d.

ON SANITARY AND OTHER MATTERS.

By GEORGE S. KEITH, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P.E., Author of "A Plea for a Simpler Life," "Fads of an Old Physician," &c.

"Dr. Keith is familiar to a large number of readers, and his new small volume should introduce him to many more."

Observer.

READY SHORTLY.

Cloth, gilt top, price 2s. net per volume.

HORÆ SUBSECIVÆ.

By JOHN BROWN, M.D., LL.D., &c. New Edition. In 3 vols., 6½ x 4½ in., printed on thin Bible paper, uniform in size with Nelson's New Century Library.

A. & C. BLACK, Soho Square, London.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

OLIVER CROMWELL. LIFE AND LETTERS OF **THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY**

By JOHN MORLEY.

By his Son, LEONARD HUXLEY.

With Portrait. 8vo, 10s. net.

Illustrated Edition, extra crown 8vo, 14s. net.

With Portraits and Illustrations. In 2 vols.,

8vo, 30s. net.

A NEW GARDENING BOOK BY THE HON. MRS. BOYLE.
SYLVANA'S LETTERS TO AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

By E. V. B.

With numerous Full-Page and other Illustrations.

Extra crown 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

[Ready on Tuesday.]

ALONG FRENCH BYWAYS.

By CLIFTON JOHNSON.

With 48 Full-Page Illustrations and 38 Vignettes by the Author in the Text.

Crown 8vo, gilt top, 8s. 6d. net.

NEW BOOK BY CHARLES W. WOOD.

THE ROMANCE of SPAIN. By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 8vo, 10s. net.

GLOBE.—"The pictorial illustrations are almost legion, and, moreover, are of very good quality, doing real justice to their attractive subjects.... It is as presentable externally as it is interesting and entertaining within."

NEW BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN."

THE APRIL BABY'S BOOK of TUNES. With Coloured Illustrations by KATE GREENAWAY. Small 4to, 6s.

[Ready on Tuesday.]

WRITTEN AND PICTURED BY MABEL DEARMER.

A NOAH'S ARK GEOGRAPHY. Globe 4to, picture boards, 6s.

[Ready on Tuesday.]

THE TALE of THE LITTLE TWIN DRAGONS. With Coloured Illustrations by S. ROSAMOND PRAEGER. Demy 4to, picture boards, 6s.

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

THE HOUSE THAT GREW. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

THE COLLECTED POEMS of T. E. BROWN. Author of

"Fo'c'sle Yarns," "The Manx Witch," &c. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

ATHENÆUM.—"In the collection now made are revealed a poetic achievement considerable in bulk and various in manner, and a poetic temper certainly not equalled by that of more than three or four in his generation.... Direct, poignant, thoroughly unconventional, and imprisoning in its simplicity no little of the mystery of life. His work will not be readily forgotten."

THE LEATHERSTOCKING NOVELS of J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; cloth extra, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. each.

THE LAST of the MOHICANS. With a General Introduction by MOWBRAY MORRIS, and 25 Illustrations by H. M. BROCK.

THE DEERSLAYER. With 40 Illustrations by H. M. Brock.

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S NOVELS The New and Cheaper

Editions, each Story in 1 vol., crown 8vo, red cloth, price 2s. 6d., or in green cloth, price 2s., may be obtained at all Booksellers', where a Complete List of the Thirty-seven Stories may be seen

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE'S NEW BOOK.

STUDIES SCIENTIFIC and SOCIAL. By Alfred R. WALLACE, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. In 2 vols., Illustrated, extra crown 8vo, 18s.

OUR BOROUGH · OUR CHURCHES With an After

Work on the Art of the Renaissance, King's Lynn. By EDWARD M. BELOE, F.S.A. With 55 Illustrations, Maps, Plans, &c. 4to, 21s. net (limited to 200 copies).

100 Copies of **OUR CHURCHES**, printed on large paper, hand-made, 25s. net.

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED, London.